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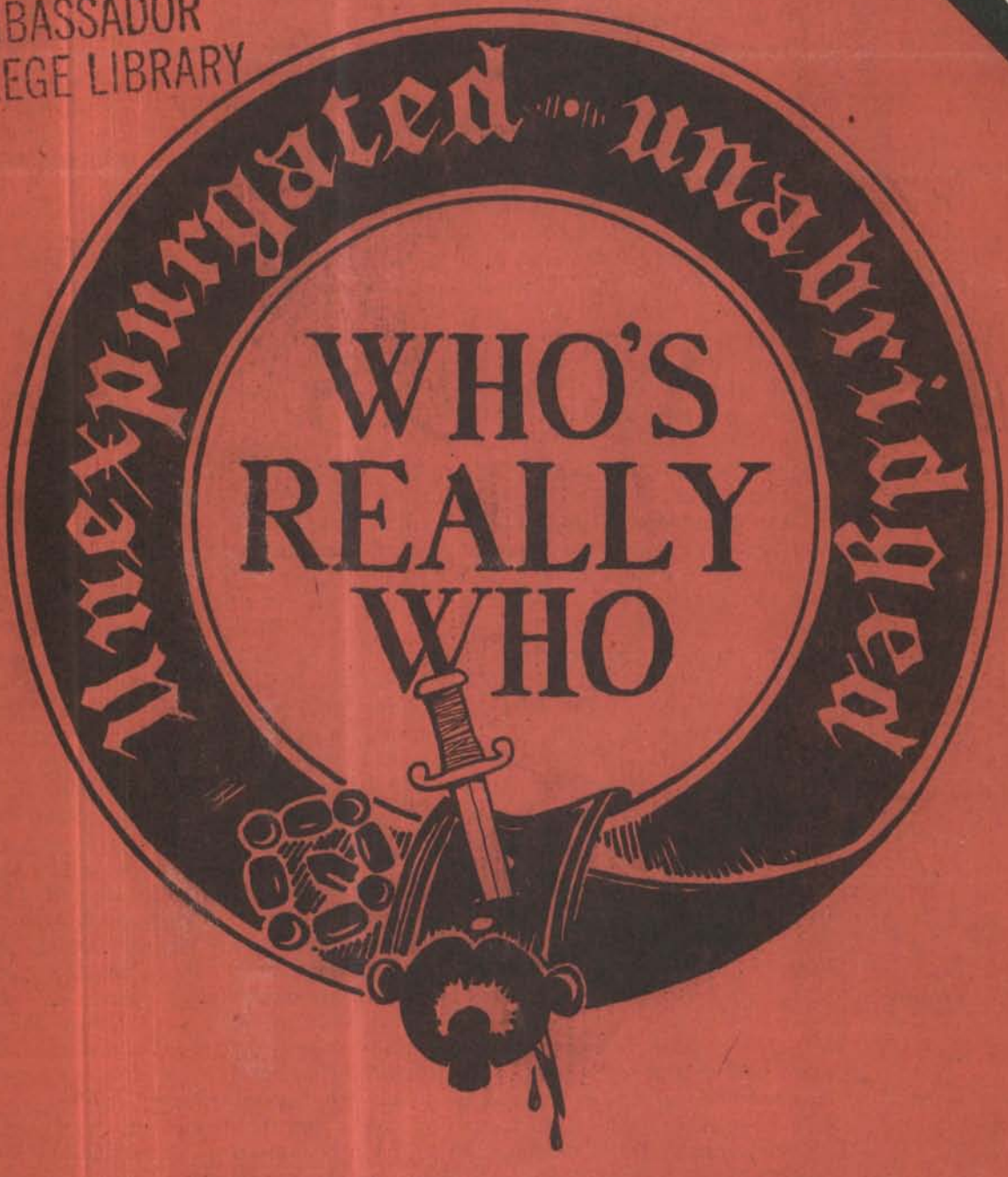

A user's guide to the ruling class

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Death of an Irish MP

OVER THE PAST two weeks thousands of words of copy have been filed about tensions rising in Belfast, as the world's press has sat around waiting for Bobby Sands to die. More journalists have flown into the province than at any time since Bloody Sunday in 1972 and they have not come looking for peace and quiet. As Ms Bernadette McAliskey remarked wryly at a press conference, 'you're just here waiting for the starter's orders for the civil war'.

The media has played its own, not inconsiderable, part in building up an atmosphere of tension. Even so, the striking thing about the ghetto areas of Northern Ireland for most of the past fortnight has been the almost desperate determination of politicians on both sides of the sectarian divide to maintain calm. In this category one must include the paramilitary organisations on both sides, though whether they will continue in this stance we have yet to see. Loyalist leaders of the Ulster Defence Association have been telling journalists that they will do their utmost to ensure that there are no attacks on Catholics. The Provisionals for their part have been equally anxious to get the message across that Sands's death should not be an occasion for violence: they are well aware that, ever since Sands's election as MP for Fermanagh and South Tyrone, they have had the political advantage over the British government and just about everybody else around. For the moment at least, they do not want to distract attention from that.

The British political establishment knows it too, which is why we have seen such a closing of the ranks between the Tory and Labour parties over this hunger strike. At times during the past week it has seemed that Bobby Sands's main crime was not to be a convicted IRA gunman but to have been elected to Westminster as an MP. Listening to British politicians in the immediate aftermath of his death, one is struck by their vehemently expressed belief that such an embarrassment must not be allowed to befall the Mother of Parliaments again, even if it means rushing through legislation to prevent another prisoner standing.

IN ONE SENSE they are right. Both sides know that what brought the world's media to Northern Ireland and drew expressions of concern from international political opinion was not the fate of a terrorist on hunger strike, but the fact that 30,000 people had exercised their democratic right through the ballot box to elect him to Parliament. The official British attitude, Labour as well as Conservative, has been that this made no difference to his case and that the 30,000 votes cast for him were a temporary inconvenience. Possibly the single political act which caused most offence right across the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland during the whole hunger strike was the visit of Mr Don Concannon to the bedside of Bobby Sands. The Labour spokesman on the North had already made his views on Mr Sands and his demands for political status quite clear when he urged the voters of Fermanagh and South Tyrone not to vote for him. The fact that those voters rejected his advice and in such numbers appears to have given Mr Concannon no pause for thought.

The attitude of the Northern Ireland Office since Sands announced his candidacy has contrasted sharply with that which prevailed during the last hunger strike by Republican prisoners before Christmas. Then Mr Atkins and his officials were telling anyone who would listen how anxious they were to solve the H Block problem and avoid unnecessary death. This time their resolution has been implacable — no visits to the prison by Government officials, no conciliatory statements, no talks about prison conditions.

It has become popular to attribute this change in the Government's attitude to Mrs Thatcher's own convictions, often publicly expressed, about terrorist crime. But Mrs Thatcher held those convictions and expressed them during the last hunger strike and that did not stop continual efforts on the part of the Northern Ireland Office to find a solution. A more likely explanation of the Government's determination not to compromise with Sands and his fellow hunger strikers is that Protestant feeling in the province is now running much higher than it was before Christmas, mainly due to the talks between Mrs Thatcher and the Irish Premier Charles Haughey.

According to this argument there could even be a positive political gain from Sands's death and those of others who may follow him. If Britain is seen to stand firm on this it may placate the Protestants, defuse their suspicions and reassure them that Mrs Thatcher is not about to sell them out to Mr Haughey or a United Ireland. If this is Government thinking it involves a number of desperate gambles. Quite apart from the danger of renewed violence in Northern Ireland, it poses a political threat to Mr Haughey which would, at the least, make it much more difficult for him to co-operate as fully with Britain in the future on security matters as he has in the past. It also raises the question of how many dead hunger strikers will be considered a reasonable number to placate Protestant opinion.

For the moment it is impossible to predict the long-term effects of Bobby Sands's death. But one lesson has been well noted over the past few weeks on this side of the Irish Sea. No leading British political figure has been prepared to assert, unequivocally, that Bobby Sands's victory at the ballot box was a matter which ought to be taken seriously or which materially changed the strength of his case. This, after all, is what the Provisionals have always argued and what many people in Northern Ireland have long suspected. British democracy works only as long as the ballot box yields results acceptable to the British. □

Mary Holland, Belfast

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Duncan Campbell on new secrecy trials

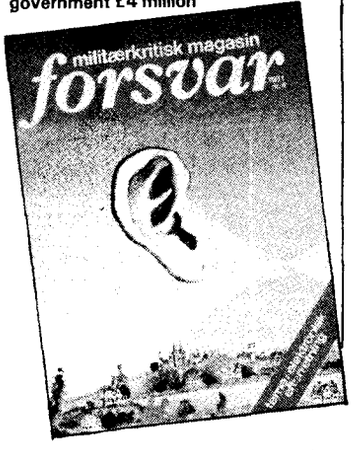
Pooling public facts 'illegal'

A MAJOR SECRECY trial starts next Monday in Oslo, following publication of a report giving details of electronic listening stations in Norway, and their use for spying on diplomatic and military communications. Two academic researchers are accused of breaching Norway's espionage laws. In Denmark, the government has started a prosecution of a magazine critical of defence policy for publishing a similar article on Danish listening stations and their connections with US intelligence.

In both cases, the researchers had gathered their material from phone books and public records, and by observing from public land. In Norway, Owen Wilkes of the prestigious Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI), and Nils Petter Gleditsch, the former director of a similar institute in Oslo, had found 11 listening stations, and wrote a report on the locations, visible equipment and 'legality' of Norwegian 'intelligence gathering installations.' Wilkes and Gleditsch now face three charges including 'having revealed . . . matters which should be kept secret', and 'questioning persons well acquainted with local affairs . . . and making notes' about the stations, the names of which are still officially secret.

The Norwegian electorate has traditionally been very sensitive about defence policies, and refuses to have foreign troops or any nuclear weapons based on its territory. (Denmark has similar policies.) Thus, new information about NATO and US-linked secret defence plans have always created considerable controversy. Although nothing in the researchers' report was secret, the government claims that when non-secrets are pooled together, that adds up to a secret. The defence in the Oslo trial will point out that it is absurd to suppose that the Soviet Union's spies are unable to read Norwegian telephone directories, or that they haven't long ago examined in detail the stations' capabilities. One of the most sensitive stations, used to monitor missile tests, is adjacent to the Norwegian/Soviet border.

The magazine that cost the Danish government £4 million



In Copenhagen, the editor of a critical defence magazine, *Forsvar*, ('Defence') is being prosecuted for a similar report on Danish listening and radar stations. In fact the locations of all the stations were published ten years ago, and prompted another trial then. Danish defence officials have claimed that as a result of the repeated revelations, £4 million would have to be spent moving the stations to new, secret locations. Danish Intelligence Service spokesman Col Borborg told the *New Statesman* this week that he 'did not agree' with this; he claimed, however, that talking about the warning system had 'put lives at risk', and that 'no one knew' whether the Russians had all the information about the stations. The Danish government has made no complaint or charges about a report in the same issue of *Forsvar* by this writer, concerning one of the listening stations on the Baltic island of Bornholm. I had visited Bornholm — as any Russian tourist might also freely do, they agreed — on a summer holiday 2 years ago. □

Her life sentence has been commuted but have 'liquid cosh' drugs caused brain damage? Rob Rohrer reports.

'Christine' freed

'CHRISTINE', the young St Helens woman who was the subject of the television documentary play *Life for Christine,* has won her release from Moss Side Special Hospital. In 1975 a crown court judge ordered Christine, then aged 14, to be detained 'for the period of your life' after she set fire to the curtains of a community home, causing £250 worth of damage. Since then she has spent time in Risley Remand centre, Holloway prison, and for the last five years Moss Side in Liverpool. Last year only three of 119 patients who appealed to Mental Health Review Tribunals at Moss Side were released.

But Christine's departure from the Special Hospital — one of a handful of top security hospitals — may only be the starting point for a fresh controversy, one not touched upon in *Life for Christine.* The documentary showed how throughout her time in institutions — at one point six in 12 months — Christine was heavily sedated with major tranquillising drugs.

A growing body of American research, however, now suggests that prolonged use of heavy dosages can damage the brain permanently.

The *New Statesman* has learned from one respected medical source that the dosages of certain drugs given to Christine were high enough to produce Tardive Dyskinesia, a condition which interferes with muscular coordination: examples of this include a persistent trembling in the hands, and tics. Hand tremors have been observed in Christine.

MIND (the National Association for Mental Health), which has advised Christine and argued her case since 1976, declines to say whether it is seeking legal or medical opinions about Christine's drug treatment. But any court action against a hospital using the major tranquillisers in large doses would set a substantial legal precedent at a time when many institutions are facing criticism for their use of drugs to control rather than medicate inmates — the so-called 'liquid cosh' debate.

Actress and inmate: 'Christine' as portrayed on television (top & p.4) and 8 years ago in real life (below, left)

CHRISTINE'S FIRST drug therapy was prescribed when she was only eleven and regarded as 'disruptive' at school. Her behavioural problems at the time are now attributed largely to her unhappy family background, her unsightly skin condition (psoriasis) and obesity.

While at Risley Christine recalls being forcibly injected, several nights in a row, with Paraldehyde, a tranquilliser no longer commonly used because of its addictive dangers. Christine is now 20 and in a recent BBC 2 documentary about Moss Side Special Hospital she appeared in one short sequence knowledgeably disputing her dosage with nurses operating the drugs trolley.

In recent years her monthly cocktail of tranquillising drugs has included Carbamazepine, Haloperidol, Imipramine, Flurazepam, Chlorpromazine, and Benzhexol. Christine has noticed the disturbing ▶

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Unions look at ways to cut hours, create jobs. Patrick Wintour reports

Workers of the world, relax

A LEGAL LIMIT on overtime is now being considered by the TUC, after discussion at a recent consultative conference on 'The 35-hour Week'. Figures presented to unions in a TUC document reveal that overtime is still astonishingly widespread in Britain.

The TUC has had some success in its campaign to reduce the length of the basic working week: more than four million manual workers have achieved less than a 40-hour basic week. However, actual hours worked by manual men still average 45.4 hours. Similarly, the proportion of male manual workers who do any overtime has dropped from 60.7 to 54.4 per cent in the last six years, but those who still do overtime continue to work exceptionally long hours. Indeed, since the TUC launched its campaign for a 35-hour week in 1979, the average amount of overtime put in by each 'overtime worker' has fallen only from 10.6 to 10.3 hours per week. In November more than nine million hours of overtime were worked weekly in manufacturing: this can be translated into approximately 230,000 jobs.

Britain still works far more overtime than other EEC countries. In the UK, 20.2 per cent of male manual workers undertake at least 48 hours a week, compared with less than 10 per cent in every other EEC country.

Some of this overtime can be understood as an inevitable result of low pay, low productivity and a tradition of long working hours. The TUC General Council is now wondering whether traditional collective bargaining remains the best way out of that cycle. It admits that countries which have legislation to restrict overtime have tackled the problem most effectively; but it is not yet prepared to call for legislation here. The thought of the law intervening in industrial relations remains anathema to many at Congress House. However, as the TUC document for the conference points out, there is already the precedent of protective health and safety laws.

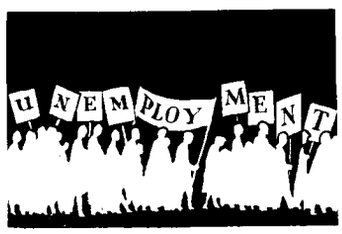
The TUC has asked unions whether they favour legislation on hours, or intensification of existing collective bargaining techniques. A majority have favoured a legal limit which would progressively reduce the number of hours, over a period of years. Most prefer a legal limit on the amount of overtime worked, rather than on total hours worked — as any limit on the latter would probably exceed the basic hours of white-collar workers, leaving them scope for overtime.

Getting the TUC to establish a policy on the need for legislation may take some years. Meanwhile, there has been some progress through collective bargaining. One notable example is the Inland Revenue Staff Federation, which has negotiated that all overtime be converted to full-time jobs except in emergencies. Another is the Post Office Engineering Union, which restricts overtime working to three hours per person per week, with the condition that if this figure is often exceeded, new employees are recruited with full job security.

Patrick Wintour on a fight to save a factory

Law may stop workers' sit-in

THE PEOPLE's March for Jobs reached Manchester on Tuesday, two days after workers at one of the city's big engineering firms Laurence, Scott voted by 313 to 250 to continue an occupation in defence of their jobs. Without offering voluntary redundancy the management announced the whole factory must close on 10 July. The vote on the occupation, which began on 24 April, defies a management warn-



ing that they would lose their redundancy money if they did not return to normal working this week. The threat comes in a letter to all employees saying that their occupation was in breach of contract. John Tocher, an AUEW official in Manchester is fearful that the company's action may set a legal precedent. AUEW legal advisers say that those workers who had received their redundancy notice before the occupation began would still be entitled to their redundancy money. They get one week's notice for each year's service: counting backwards from the July closure date, that means that workers with at least 12 years' service would have received notice in time, and should thus be entitled to their money. The rest could be in breach of contract. The management have now carried out their threat and the union is considering an interim appeal on the redundancy money issue.

Bob Penchion, the senior shop steward at the factory, has accused the parent company of asset stripping. Mining Supplies, a Doncaster-based firm, took over Laurence, Scott only last October, at a knock-down price of £6.5 million. (Its book assets were estimated at £18.4 million a year ago.) Within weeks of the take-over, Mining Supplies had put the Manchester factory on the government's short-time working compensation scheme, which pays 75 per cent of the wage bill.

Only viable plants are supposed to apply for this subsidy. According to stewards, the Manchester manager, Bill Nash, has admitted that the company took a secret decision to close the company as early as 10 February. It nevertheless continued to draw the subsidy — worth £200,000 — for a further two months after that date. Charles Morris, the local Labour MP, has been pressing the government for an explanation. Without hearing Mr Morris's evidence Mr Prior has said the company's claim was 'honestly presented'.

Sixty per cent of the plant's work is for the National Coal Board, as sole manufacturers of big water-cooled flame-proof electrical motors. The rest is for the Admiralty, notably on machinery for the Polaris submarine. The parent company Mining Supplies has been making cutting machinery for the NCB, but recently orders have dried up and it switched to making NCB transportation machinery, which uses the Laurence, Scott motor. Now the Coal Board's demand for transportation machinery has dropped too, as a result of government-imposed cuts in its capital budget.

Mining Supplies intends to transfer the Admiralty and mining work to its other major site at Norwich, but the stewards say the transfer will seriously disrupt delivery programmes, and the NCB is already showing concern. Employees at Norwich have blacked any work transferred from Manchester. They have their own quarrel with Arthur Snipe, chairman of Mining Supplies. On 27 March, he gave 93 Norwich workers just a few hours' notice of the sack and told them to be off the premises for good by five o'clock. He has not so far met either Norwich union officials or Bob Penchion. According to the Manchester Engineering Research Group, Mr Snipe's own salary rose in 1980 by a third to £25,460, and a 2p share dividend will have netted him over £150,000.

▶ing side-effects of some drugs. 'She has complained to me,' says Ron Lacey, MIND's social work adviser who was portrayed befriending Christine in the television play, 'that "stuff like pus" has come from her nipples. Lactation is a commonly reported side-effect of some of these drugs.

Professor Derek Russell Davies Emeritus Professor of mental health at Bristol University and a member of MIND's council, is equally concerned about the volume of tranquillisers used on Christine. 'The answer on the side of the staff has been to clout Christine with medication.'

Lacey's belief is that institutions too often provide a highly-charged, volatile atmosphere which induces violent responses in patients who then find increasingly that their behaviour is curbed with a hypodermic needle.

Some difficulties still face Christine before she can actually leave Moss Side. Her lawyers requested that she spend several months in a nearby mental hospital before moving on to a hostel. Although a place has been offered to her a DHSS official has had to travel this week to Merseyside to negotiate on conditions that have been attached to it.

IN MANY WAYS Christine is still dogged by the obstacle perceived in a psychiatric report when she was 14: 'Her record tends to travel ahead of her . . . and it is therefore proving extremely difficult to place her.'

Moss Side Hospital opposed Christine's release last year asserting she was sub-normal and suffering from a psychopathic disorder. Professor Russell Davies, however, has confirmed other medical opinions that there is no clinical evidence of mental illness. When Christine was in Risley the medical officer's opinion was that she was not suffering any mental illness within the broad definition of the 1959 Mental Health Act.

'The reasons she had to be in care have now vanished,' says Ron Lacey. 'They can't keep her in any more for being promiscuous or disruptive at school. I feel it all goes to illustrate the dubious benefits of psychiatry in the treatment of delinquency. Sir George Young at the DHSS claimed we over-dramatised *Life for Christine*. The fact is we under-dramatised it.'

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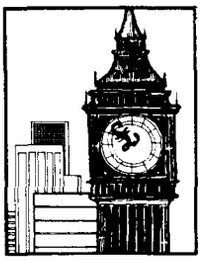

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Civil servants: pay them more, but...

RETURNING from holiday I rather expected to find the civil servants' pay dispute to be settled. Coming through customs, however, the thoroughness of the search showed that some customs officers were still working to rule. I was only glad they didn't discover . . . but I digress.

What is odd about the dispute — or at least what *ought* to be odd about it — is that the civil service unions, and the pay system they are trying to restore, provide an exact model of how Tories generally say industrial relations should be conducted. The unions do not operate a closed shop, they are not affiliated to the Labour Party (and so concentrate on the 'industrial' rather than 'political' functions of unionism), and pay rates are generally settled according to agreed rules for determining the rate for the job.

If the government could secure the same arrangements for (say) miners and carworkers, it would manifestly claim these to be a great victory for Tory notions of how unions should behave. Yet in the civil servants' dispute, it is the unions who are trying to uphold this state of affairs, while the government is breaking the rules.

ON THE FIGURES, there is no dispute that civil servants' pay should rise by about 18 per cent to show a comparable six-year gain to that enjoyed in the economy as a whole.

As with all such exercises the choice of base-date decisively affects the conclusion you draw. In the two years from 1978 to 1980, as Margaret Thatcher never ceases to point out, civil servants' pay rose by almost 50 per cent, while everyone else's rose by just 40 per cent.

From 1975 to 1978, however, civil servants' pay was controlled strictly according to Labour's pay policy, while many other workers — although nominally subject to pay restraint — found ways round it. As the table shows, civil servants lagged well behind during those three years. The figures the Prime Minister quotes reflect the way civil servants have made up lost ground since then. The virtue of comparing figures over six years is that the distortions of pay policy and its aftermath are removed: 1975 was the last year before Labour's pay policy when pay both inside and outside the civil service was settled by free collective bargaining.

There is, however, a weakness in the unions' case that the government has been reluctant to exploit. For while any argument couched in figures ends up in a points victory for the unions, the same cannot be said for an argument over the principles involved. True, the government have unilaterally abandoned the normal system of fixing pay (and, incidentally, broken an election manifesto pledge); but that system was a long way less than perfect.

WHEN PAY POLICIES and Mrs Thatcher's fiat do not intrude, the usual system for determining civil servants' pay centres round the work of the Civil Service Pay Research Unit. Each year the unit looks at pay and conditions in more than 300 organisations (private companies, nationalised industries and local authorities) and compiles detailed reports to show how they compare with civil service rates. The biggest survey report — covering jobs equivalent to the civil service's administrative grades — is two inches thick.

The unit's reports are distributed to unions and Civil Service Department officials each November. On the basis of these reports, new pay rates are negotiated, to commence the following April. Between 1975 and 1978 this system was suspended, on the theory that Labour's pay policy should apply to everyone. This year is the first time that the unit's work has been set aside at a time when everyone else enjoys (or endures) free collective bargaining. Six months ago, just before the unit's reports were to be distributed, the government advised it to keep its figures to itself. It did.

If the unit's figures offered unimpeachable evidence of what civil servants' jobs were worth, judged by the open market, then the case against the government would be beyond argument. The trouble is, *it is impossible to tell.*

The unit's staff — themselves overwhelmingly career civil servants — circulate their reports in confidence. On the union side, nobody outside the union executives are allowed to see them. Two years ago, the unions successfully resisted publication of median rates of pay discovered by the unit in outside organisations: publication of these, the unions argued, would 'prejudice negotiations'.

Suppose both sides now were to agree to a new, more open and more independent system of pay determination. The chances are that it would find some civil servants badly underpaid, some grossly overpaid, and many paid about right. Like all genuine inquiries, the precise outcome could not be predicted in advance. Which helps to explain why each side remains in its trenches, and why the war of attrition looks likely to last for a good time yet. □

What do civil servants deserve?

1975-78	
Average earnings	UP 46%
Civil servant's pay	UP 27%
Retail prices	UP 47%
1978-80	
Average earnings	UP 40%
Civil servants' pay	UP 49%
Retail prices	UP 33%
1975-81	
Average earnings	UP 130%
Civil servants' pay:	
government offer	UP 102%
unions' claim	UP 117%
Retail prices	UP 122%

Sources: Civil Service Department; Department of Employment Gazette.

The fight for the Fabians' soul

NEXT WEEK, the Fabian Society's 7,000 full members will each receive a ballot paper asking them to approve a change in the society's rules. In effect the issue is whether to expel Social Democrats from full membership. Until now, as I reported a few weeks ago, you have simply had to describe yourself as a 'socialist' to qualify for membership. The proposed change would exclude anyone ineligible for Labour Party membership — that is, members of rival parties.

The danger for the Fabians is that they will end up alienating almost everyone in sight. Already Tony Benn — despite being a member of the Fabians' executive himself — has persuaded Labour's Organisation Committee to terminate its annual £300 grant to the Fabians, as a token of ill-will. And if the membership now votes to eject Social Democrats (to be precise, to permit them only non-voting 'associate' status), then the society will lose some of its livelier, not to say wealthier, members.

The decision to hold a ballot was taken six weeks ago. Some Fabian executive members, including Benn and Peter Townsend, wanted the SocDems expelled immediately. They failed to win that battle, but they did at first prevent the circulation of 500-word statements giving rival views of the proposed rule change.

That decision has now been circumvented by Shirley Williams, the chairman of the Fabians until this March. A letter she has written will be published in Fabian News, and circulated with the ballot papers. She insists that she and her fellow SocDem Fabians 'are Socialists, democratic Socialists in the Fabian tradition. Indeed, all of us have been Fabians most of our adult lives, and the Fabian strand in socialism has shaped our own convictions and ideas . . . We are proud of being democratic, international socialists, and we do not believe that socialism should be defined in a rigid, dogmatic way . . . We hope therefore that members will vote to allow us full membership, so that we can continue to contribute to the Society's future as we have tried to contribute to its past.'

Against this, the new Fabian chairman David Lipsey has argued that the Society, affiliated as it is to the Labour Party, should not be influenced by the votes of Labour's rivals — rather as Mrs Williams has argued that union block votes at Labour conferences should not be influenced by communists.

I shall be voting to keep the SocDems in, chiefly to keep open some lines of contact between the orthodox and renegade bits of Britain's left. I hope other left-wing Fabians will do likewise, and reject the rule change — demonstrating that there is greater tolerance among active socialists than the leaders of Labour's left or the SDP would have you believe. □

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NEW SERIES

The NS guide to our ruling class

BRUCE PAGE dissects Who's Who, and introduces an alternative directory of what you really need to know about the rich and famous.

THE ORIGINS of this feature exist in a subliterary source which many readers will be too young to remember: 'Sapper', and his chief fictional offspring, Bulldog Drummond.

To deflect ideological outrage, it's worth recording that Captain Drummond (Loamshires, ret.), though surely a Tory, was not, in the manner of more recent thriller chieftains, either a sexual hooligan, a licensed assassin, or a misty theologian of imperialism. His uncomplicated bag was just a straight left, a pint of bitter, and a gel as plucky as himself.

His creator, also, possessed a certain anarchic wit, and matched him against one of the all-time supercriminals: Carl Peterson, alias the Comte de Guy, alias Edward Blackton, omniscient and polymorphous; by Professor Moriarty out of Mata Hari. *The Third Round* opens with 'Blackton' and his svelte chum Irma holed up in a suite with a flawless view of the Dent du Midi. Suddenly, they are informed that a couple of diamond kings have lobbed in (via the Simplon Orient Express) and desperately require an interview.

> He crossed the room, and unlocked a heavy leather dispatch-case. From it he took a biggish book. . . It was of the loose-leaf variety, and every page had neat entries on it in Blackton's small, neat handwriting. It was what he called his *Who's Who,* but it differed from that excellent publication in one marked respect. The people in Mr Blackton's production had not compiled their own notices, *which rendered it considerably more truthful even if less complimentary than the orthodox volume.* (My italics)

Naturally, the two men from the Metropolitan Diamond Syndicate turn out to have flawed characters, despite their sober public address, and the knowledge greatly helps Edward Blackton in swindling them.

EACH SPRING, A. & C. Black Ltd still publish their *Who's Who,* running to some 3,000 pages and weighing in at 2.5 kilos. Within are biographical notes upon roughly 26,000 people: the Somebodies, purportedly, among 55 million Nobodies. (Actually, this is a slightly misleading account, because the central flow of eminence receives minor tributaries from the Establishments of America and the White Commonwealth, and there is even a trickle or two from lands beyond. You can look up Leonid Brezhnev, though he fails to record his Clubs and Recreations.)

But after 133 years of publication, it still suffers from the central defect that Blackton/Peterson observed.

Research by Anna Umbima

Consisting as it does of self-portraits, most of the interesting stuff gets left out. Indeed, the picture presented is often highly misleading. This *New Statesman* project is designed to remedy the defect, and provide for the public at large a service akin to that which Carl Peterson found so useful.

That defect can be illustrated by way of an elevated name and a simple example. The Duke of St Albans (Eton & Magdalene; Hereditary Grand Falconer of England) listed himself in 1980 as being a director of the Amalgamated Developers Group 'and other companies'. Carl Peterson would have added a good deal more, rather along these lines:

> 1968-73. Chairman of IMIT and of Grendon, whose takeover was subject to Department of Trade inquiry in 1975. The Inspectors found that the Duke 'in consequence of his personal arrangements . . . decided to sell his shares without giving due notice to his fellow-directors . . . He issued false statements to the press in this connection. He did not pay due regard to the interests of shareholders'.

And worse to come:

> 'The Duke's conduct in regard to the Turkish affair is at best deplorable.'

It certainly was a bit strong. Quite without authorisation from the board, he expended £15,000 of corporate cash in order to start up a futile development project in Turkey: and there was no reference to this bit of punting in the IMIT offer document to Grendon's shareholders. If you chanced to be doing business with the Duke, this little lot would perhaps give you a more useful line on his character than the fact (recorded in Messrs Black's *Who's Who*) of his being Governor-General in the Royal Stuart Society.

NO BRITISH DELUSION is more closely embraced — clutched, one should say — than the Basic Integrity of our Public Life. It is this proposition, together with its corollaries (The British Businessman is Essentially Honest, and Our Policemen are Wonderful) which distinguishes the Briton from Germans, Latins, colonials and other riff-raff, whose national characters lack the austerity required for the production of an immaculate elite.

Inflating itself the other day before advising the French electorate, the *Guardian* stated the myth in classic, chauvinist form. Would the *affaire* of the Bokassa diamonds, would the rather mysterious deaths of a number of his colleagues, do political damage to Giscard? Unlikely, because

> The French have little notion of Anglo-Saxon probity . . .

Consider this breathtaking remark alongside the picture on this page, dating from no great time ago, in which the then leaders of the Liberal, Labour and Conservative parties are seen assisting in a solemn national ritual.

Lest we forget. . .

● **Jeremy Thorpe** pursued homosexual enjoyment in private while posing as one of the 'normal' majority which focuses disdain, and worse, upon open homosexuals. This pose was sustained by years of ruthless lying, political chicanery, and manipulation of police officials. He lent his authority, after minimal inquiry, to the operations of Gerald Caplan's 'fringe bank', London & Counties: Caplan was a swindler, and the bank went bust for £50 million.

During a trial in which he was acquitted of attempted murder, he effectively admitted to electoral fraud, financial dishonesty, pressurisation of witnesses, and conspiracy to threaten: felonies which in a different legal context might have brought him several years in jail.

● **Harold Wilson** can't be equated with Jeremy Thorpe. But he was involved, as Prime Minister, in a gigantic conspiracy under which Britain *pretended* to enforce oil sanctions against Rhodesia (attacking other countries, such as France, for 'evasion')

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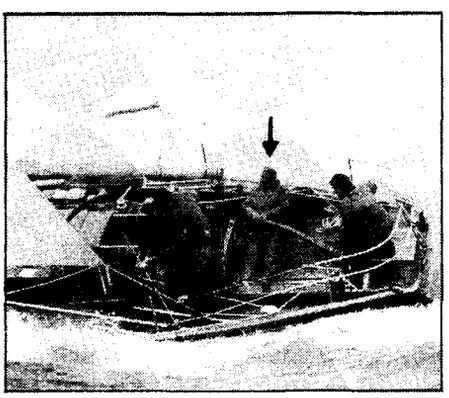
while actually conniving in the illegal supply of oil to Rhodesia by British companies, including the one controlled by the government. This involved the deliberate deception of Parliament and the propagation of lies to friendly governments: the supply of oil sustained a war in which thousands of people died, and the whole affair was incomparably more significant than the 'present' which Bokassa gave to Giscard.

The death of Sir Harold's friend and benefactor, Sir Eric Miller, was by no means mysterious: he shot himself because the Fraud Squad were investigating his operations as boss of Peachey Properties. Nor do the financial operations of another friend of Sir Harold's, the ex-knight Lord Kagan, seem especially mysterious: merely discreditable. But something that does remain mysterious is why Harold Wilson should have received a political donation of £2,000 from the International Credit Bank of Geneva shortly before that highly dishonest outfit went down the tube.



Hello sailors — arrow markes the ex-PM

● **Edward Heath's** name has worn much better than Harold Wilson's: especially, and deservedly, because of his recent Brandt Commission work on Third World problems. But his taste in financiers has on occasion been equally tacky.

Just before Heath became Prime Minister, Mr Jim Slater was managing a slab of money for him. Slater procured for Heath a gain of something like 70 per cent during a period of market decline: the legerdemain, classically Slaterian, centred around some well-timed insider-dealing in the shares of an obscure carpet firm which his then-mighty concern was 'taking in hand'. (Slater Walker wasn't a case where things went amiss in a once-great company: from inception, it was a device for share-price rigging, asset-stripping and kindred skulduggery.)

Heath took some £21,500 of profit without inquiring into the means of 'wealth creation' involved: it must have been handy to him in trading up, around that time, from a respectable and successful production-line yacht, *Morning Cloud* (1), to a highly elaborate, custom-built racing machine, *Morning Cloud* (2)*. Mr Heath's government prom-

*Costly equipment often provides crucial advantage in ocean-racing. While giving no figures, Mr Heath shows that finance didn't inhibit the builders of *MC*(2). 'Two of the members of the crew were associated with a firm who provided our winches . . . They agreed to do the development work for interconnected winches of the kind we described, provided I covered the cost, in exchange for which I had the exclusive right to use the winches in the Admiral's Cup year'. From *Sailing: A Course of My Life*, in which Mr Heath makes clear that this special equipment provided a notable advantage over other craft.

Part one: a selection from left and right

BARBER, Lord (Anthony). Politician, fiscal experimenter, banker. Most spectacular failure among post-war Chancellors. Read politics, philosophy and economics at Oxford pre-war. Subsequently barrister and Tory MP; served Macmillan as a Whip. Chancellor from July 1970. Introduced policy of expanding domestic demand through tax cuts, high public expenditure *and* large relaxations offered to credit industry. Sharp rise in inflation-rate made addition of compulsory wage-controls necessary. Increased demand led to consumer-imports boom and extra credit produced inflation of property-market: industrial investment, though, stayed low. Balance of payments progress as follows:

	£ millions
1971:	+1,000
1972:	zero
1973: 1st quarter:	—800
2nd quarter:	—900
3rd quarter:	—1,375
4th quarter:	—3,025

Incomes legislation led to miners' strike, three-day week (with 30 per cent drop in output) and fall of Tory government.

1974. Appointed chairman, Standard & Chartered Bank. Becomes life peer.

BARNARD, Christiaan. Surgeon, political propagandist. The eccentricities of his career appear best in chronological form. First heart transplant performed 1967: to 1980, had completed 42, with 19 surviving.

1971: Transplants two black African hearts to whites, without permission from kin of ex-owners. Claims they could not be contacted.

1972: Bids to enter Parliament on opposition (United Party) side. Speaks out against Vorster.

1976: Co-authors novel, *The Unwanted*, attacking apartheid.

1977: Transplants baboon heart into woman, who dies within hours. First chimpanzee transplant lives 4 days. Makes film supporting S. African govt. and says: 'The (Western) press systematically exploits the bad side of apartheid and plays up police brutality.'

1978: Claims doctors are leaving S. Africa because they fear black rule.

1979: Says S. Africa should murder its enemies, adding that he has given the govt. 'a few names of people who . . . should be eliminated'. Also says statue should be erected to Peter Hain for stand against sporting apartheid. Admits friendship with Dr Eschel Rhoodie, central figure in Muldergate slush-fund scandal, and that he received £11,800 from the fund for 'international travel'. Says he met premier John Vorster to volunteer for propaganda campaign.

A parasitic eel-worm, *Criconema Crisbarnard*, has been named after him.

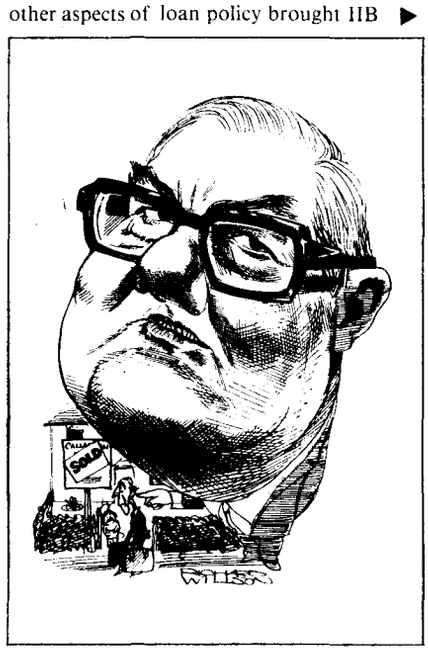
BIDWELL, Sid. Politician, socialist thinker. Labour MP for Ealing-Southall. Lists publicly his connection with race relations: author of *Red White & Black Book on Race Relations* and *The Turban Victory;* member of Select Cttee on Race Relations & Immigration, 1968-79. Does not mention that Enoch Powell (qv) was on the same cttee, which *unanimously* recommended an immigration-quota system on lines favoured by Tories, affecting Asian wives & children of men resident here.

Notable remarks: 1977 wrote in *Morning Star* that 'civil war may be necessary to achieve British socialism', adding that his differences with CP 'negligible'. Fined in 1980 for making speech in public park on TUC Day of Action, said: 'I will go to prison rather than pay the fine. Of course, I cannot stop anyone else paying it for me.'

Recreation: painting. His rendering of the Royal jubilee fireworks display hangs in the Strangers' Bar at Westminster.

CALLAGHAN, James. Politician, bank director, farmer. Formally, most successful contemporary British politician, having held all principal offices of state. Entry to Labour leadership fight, 1963, finally ensured victory of Wilson (qv) over Brown (qv) — see *Backbench Diaries of Richard Crossman*. Became Chancellor, 1964, on programme of defending fixed exchange-rate for £. Considered quitting Cabinet on collapse of policy (devaluation 1967) but persuaded to remain as Home Sec. Introduced 1968 Bill to remove passports of British Asians; arranged delay of boundary-reform to protect Labour electoral advantage; sent troops into Ulster. Chief ally of unions in demolishing Wilson-Castle proposals for modifying union power. Opposition 1970-4: chief architect of Social Contract with unions.

Served 1972-4 as director of Italian International Bank, formed by 4 Italian commercial banks to exploit international money market. Also director Labour Party Properties, to which IIB lent £100,000. This and other aspects of loan policy brought IIB ▶



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▶ into liquidity problems in 1976, after Callaghan's departure to return to government. IIB loan repaid, plus £50,000 interest, and LPP stabilised with loan of £225,000 from Co-op. IIB rescued 1977 (chief executive replaced) by Italian parent banks.

Also director 1972-3 of Sir Julian Hodge's Commercial Bank of Wales. (Hodge, knighted 1970, had accompanied Chancellor Callaghan to IMF). Callaghan, as LP treasurer, proposed unsuccessfully (1971) that party workers should sell Hodge car insurance. Hodge stepped down from board (1978) after Office of Fair Trading said it was 'minded to refuse' consumer-credit licence because of long-standing criticism of the bank's second-mortgage business.

Foreign Secretary 1974-6. Criticised by Commons Select Cttee on Cyprus, which said of Callaghan's assertion that 1974 crisis was unforeseen: 'If it is true . . . this argues deficiencies in Govt. intelligence that ought to be remedied.' Censure of his policies excised from report on casting vote of chairman.

Prime Minister 1976-9. First to formally abandon Keynesian policies in favour of monetarism (Speech to Conference, 1976).

Has half-interest in Upper Clayhill Farm (200 acres, nr Lewes), described as 'unprofitable'.

COUSINS, Frank. Unionist, politician, premature realist. Rare, almost unique case of resignation from Cabinet on grounds of principle. Gen. Sec. T&GWU 1956-69, detached as Min. of Technology 1964-66. Labour MP (Nuneaton) 1965-66. Left Wilson administration rather than support Prices & Incomes Bill which excluded productivity & local bargaining. Relevant section of resignation letter, 3 July 1966, read: 'In our earlier talks on the subject you agreed on the absolute necessity for developing a high wage level economy as the basis for prosperity and you described the incomes restriction approach as the negative part of planning, whilst the productivity and *payments by results* (emph. added) were the positive side . . . Unfortunately, you did not maintain that view and so our present policy has taken us into a position where disputes such as the recent strike of seamen have been inevitable . . . because we are accepting the idea of a limited percentage norm . . . we have slipped back to the usual position of Treasury control of our approach to questions of investment, spending and planning . . . where our international monetary transactions have been based on assurances of our intention to restrict internal demand. This is a wrong attitude and a contradiction of the philosophy upon which our party is based and so it must be opposed . . . I . . . must leave you and return to my old job, where I shall at least have some chance of helping to create the atmosphere of voluntary co-operation between both sides of industry if we are to make progress towards increased productivity and the planned growth of wage levels we all said we wanted.'

Subsequently became chairman of Community Relations Commission, ret. 1970.

DE L'ISLE, Viscount. Aristocrat, panjandrum, ideologist. Son of 5th Baron de l'Isle, educated Eton & Magdalene. Lists publicly his role as Gov-General of Australia (1961-5), Tory MP for Chelsea, 1944-5, war service (VC) and director of Property Growth Assurance, Pheonix Assurance, etc. Inherited Penshurst Castle, Kent and has highly valuable art collection.

Also: Chairman to 1975 of First National Finance Corporation, active in second-mortgages and other aspects of credit boom; backed by Phoenix, Hambros Bank & Crown Agents among others. 1973 FNFC bought block of flats in Paddington which sold for profit of £24 million. 1974 London & Counties fringe bank (qv Gerald Caplan, Jeremy Thorpe) sold to FNFC and Bank of England on 50-50 basis (rescue operation). FNFC made large loans to Lyon Group and Stern property group: these collapsed 1974. Lord de l'Isle retired as chairman of FNFC in 1975 after it lost £73 million on its trading in first half of the year: then a six-month record for British capitalism.

1975: Chairman National Association for Freedom. Champions Grunwick management and Tameside parents (who oppose end of educational selection). NAFF proposes end to foreign aid, subsidies on food and housing. Savings would be devoted to abolition of corporation tax and capital gains tax. Launches 'Stop the Scroungers' campaign.

He is also a director of Calculatas Ltd; Century Insurance (Bermuda) Ltd; London Guarantee & Accident Co; Pan American Bancshare Inc., Miami.

WALDEN, Brian. TV presenter, former MP and lobbyist. Founder-member, early 60s, of right-wing Campaign for Democratic Socialism, fervent pro-European. 1970: becomes anti-EEC.

Voted against Commonwealth Immigration Act, 1968 (see Callaghan).

1972: argued case for bookmakers during Horserace Totalisator and Betting Levy Boards Bill; persuaded Tories to drop provision which would have increased Tote competition against betting shops. Subsequently became Parliamentary Adviser to Nat. Assn of Bookmakers, with 5-year, £25,000 contract. (Also adviser to ARIEL project for computerising Stock Exchange; Business Equipment Trade Assn; Amusement Trades Assn; & Amusement Caterers Assn: est. worth £200 weekly. Director John Gorst (qv) Associates business consultancy.

1974: Turns down post as Minister of State for Industry, under Benn. Acceptance would have involved sharp drop in income.

Introduces Private-members bill for privacy law.

Notable remarks: 1975 describes BL as 'an industrial Butlin's' because of slacking (not himself a frequent attender at Westminster). On occasion of third marriage: 'I do not believe in working wives'.

June 1977 resigns seat to become presenter on *Weekend World:* salary quoted as £40,000 annually.

ised to apply the criminal law to people taking advantage of insider-information in share-dealing, but nothing came of it.

The connection was also useful to Slater. Dining at No. 10 Downing Street, he met Lee Kuan Yew, premier of Singapore. The Asian stock-markets, soon afterwards, were incorporated by Slater into the machinery of several homeric rip-offs. Furiously (and unsuccessfully) demanding the extradition of Mr Heath's one-time financial adviser, Lee Kuan Yew claimed that without the impressive Downing Street ambience, and similar evidences of Establishment approval, Slater would scarcely have been allowed to get off the plane in Singapore, let alone start tampering with the stock market.

IT'S NOT AMAZING that Britain should have passed through a period in which all three major party leaders happened to be mixed up, one way or another, with dodgy financiers (or worse, in the cases of Thorpe and Wilson).

What is amazing is that the notion of Britain's unique immunity to such phenomena should survive, and continue to be advertised with such complacency.

For the striking thing about the proposition of a unique British integrity is that scarcely anyone really believes it: not even those who expound it from the various national pulpits. Behind the arrases of our curious society, far greater credence is given to the *Private Eye* view, which assumes the complete dishonesty of all public (and private)figures. The results, if not quite so tedious, produce an equally enervating collapse of discrimination: the predicament of Donne's 'careless Phrygius', who abhors

All because all cannot be good — as one
Knowing some women whores, dare marry none.

The publishers of *Who's Who,* of course, aren't wholly responsible for the corruption of our public culture. But their product, and the deficiencies arising from its editorial abdication, lie close to the heart of the problem. For there is no means, in Britain, whereby ordinary intelligent citizens can make any sort of check upon the plausibility of the masks which float across their public view. The one document which claims to be a contemporary biographical dictionary is in truth no more than an affectionate self-portrait.

The case of the Rt Hon James Callaghan provides a good example of its working, or non-workings. When he was Prime Minister, the common coin of newspaper punditry presented Callaghan as an avuncular old gent, and — the point was regularly drummed home — a man of bluff, if old-fashioned virtue.

The ordinary reader was doubtless refreshed at the notion of such simple worth attaining to our greatest eminence: still, on the news (say) of Farmer Jim approving the appointment of his own son-in-law to the Washington embassy, might feel the need for a trifle more insight upon this old-fashioned character.

The respectable *Who's Who* wouldn't provide much aid. Mr Callaghan's entry is an outstanding example of one where many things are listed while conveying scarcely a

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A diversity of strengths

Prudential Corporation Chairman Lord Carr reports good results for life business, a difficult year in general insurance

Results and Dividends

The Group's profit for the year was £42.5m, compared with £45.6m in 1979. Although there was a very satisfactory growth in the profits from life business, this was offset by higher underwriting losses in general insurance business.

The directors have declared a final dividend of 7p per share, making a total for the year of 11p per share, which represents an increase of some 16 per cent over last year. This leaves £9.7m retained within the Group to support the growth of the business.

Life Business

Total premium income from the life business of the Group exceeded £1bn, and the profit was 22 per cent higher at £29.5m.

In the United Kingdom, the efforts of our field staff in Prudential Assurance produced a rise in market share in individual annual premium business in both the Ordinary Branch and the Industrial Branch. Continuing growth in the return from our investments led to further substantial increases in bonuses to policyholders, and is also reflected in the transfer to Profit and Loss Account.

Prudential Assurance's group pension business also developed well in the United Kingdom.

Vanbrugh's profitability improved, and it has earned a reputation in the market for successful innovation.

Overseas, the life and group pension business of Prudential Assurance also prospered.

The growth in Mercantile and General's life business in the United Kingdom and in North America continued, particularly in the latter, where premiums were more than 50 per cent higher than in 1979.

General insurance

Profits from general insurance business were £2.5m, compared with £11.6m in 1979, as a result of substantially greater underwriting losses.

In the United Kingdom, Prudential Assurance's underwriting losses increased in both its major classes of business, domestic property and motor. In the domestic property account, the claim frequency rose, and the increase in the average amount of claim payments was in excess of the rate of inflation. Increased premium rates and minimum premiums were introduced in August, but their full effect will not be felt until 1981. We are determined to improve the profitability of this account.

In Canada, the most important overseas market for Prudential Assurance, a deterioration was expected: in the event, results were worse than we had thought likely, and in common with other insurers we expect no substantial recovery in this market in 1981.

The competition for international reinsurance business continues to be severe, keeping premium rates at uneconomic levels; underwriting losses also reflect the worldwide decline in profitability of insurance. As a result, our specialist reinsurance subsidiary, Mercantile and General, shows a substantial increase in its underwriting loss, from £4.1m to £12.4m. We continue to follow a cautious underwriting approach in this market, which in the long run should produce a more acceptable rate of return.

The investment income from the general insurance funds of the Group rose by 3 per cent; the rate of growth would have been considerably higher but for the increase in the value of sterling. Unlike many other insurers, we show this investment income separately from that on shareholders' funds; the underlying growth rate of the two combined was 14 per cent.

Our free reserves at the end of 1980 amounted to some 60 per cent of short-term general insurance premiums, compared with 55 per cent at the beginning of the year.

The economy

As 1980 unfolded, the most serious aspect of the domestic economic scene was the unexpected depth of the recession, and the severity of its impact on manufacturing industry.

There is a very real danger that the present difficult position, particularly as regards manufacturing industry, may continue, and that much permanent damage may be done to the base from which eventual recovery must come. Ways must be found to prevent this damage from being unnecessarily severe, and to encourage areas of growth potential within the economy.

Investing in the future

New opportunities to create wealth and employment are needed in fields opened up by new developments to replace those which technological maturity makes most vulnerable to domestic and international competition. It was against this background that we were pleased to join the National Enterprise Board and three private sector partners in financing a new company which will specialise in biotechnology. Possibly of even greater potential was the establishment of Prutec, a wholly owned investment subsidiary which operates in association with the product development and technical skills of the Patscentre International research laboratories of the PA Management group.

PRUDENTIAL CORPORATION

A copy of the Report and Accounts is available from the Secretary, Prudential Corporation Ltd., 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.

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nubbin of useful information.

> **CALLAGHAN, Rt Hon (Leonard) James,** PC 1964, MP (Lab) South Cardiff, 1945-50; SE Cardiff since 1950; Leader Labour Party since 1976, Leader of Opposition since 1979. *b.* 27 March 1912, *s* of James Callaghan ... *m* 1938 Audrey Elisabeth Moulton, one *s*, two *d*. Educ. elementary and Portsmouth Northern Secondary Schools. Entered Civil Service as tax Officer . . .

This is the kind of material which is useful if you want to win bets about when people were born, or whether they have more than one *s*. Offices of State are listed minutely, but also baldly, and in view of some rather important appointments which get left out, there are many strikingly irrelevant inclusions:

> Visiting Fellow, Nuffield College 1959-67, Hon Fellow 1967. Hon Fellow UC Cardiff 1978, Hon LLD University Coll Wales 1976, Sardar Patel Univ, India, 1978. Hon Bencher of Inner Temple, 1976 . . .

Our entry, reproduced on page 7, is surely rather more enlightening. Though admittedly incomplete, it probably disposes of day dreams about the simple, old-fashioned agriculturalist. Whatever one makes of Mr Callaghan, he is a good deal more complex than that. And it's not implausible to suggest that the record of his ventures into the business world might have something to do with the rather uncertain progress of our national economy when it has been under his leadership.

The tradition of editorial abdication (naturally, it cuts out much risk and expense) is thoroughly embedded in the traditions of *Who's Who*. If one takes, for instance, the 1936 edition, there are some remarkably uninformative entries on significant individuals:

> **HITLER, Adolf.** Chancellor of Germany since 1933; Fuhrer and Chancellor since 1934; *b.* 1899. *Address:* Berlin; Obersalzburg, Bavaria, Germany.

Even on the most timid basis, a few more clues would have been in order, such as:

> Failed artist. War service 1914-18 (wounded). Instigator, Beer Hall Putsch (unsuccessful), Munich 1924. Imprisoned for sedition; author of *Mein Kampf* and numerous anti-semitic diatribes. Responsible for Rohm Purge (Night of the Long Knives), 1934 . . . etc.

But at least they got his current job in, which is more than can be said in the case of another notorious personality:

> **STALIN, Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashirli*** *b.* Gori, Tiflis Province, 1879; *m* Nadejda Sergeyevna Alleluya (*d.* 1932); two *c*. *Address:* The Kremlin, Moscow, Russia.

Mussolini, naturally, did see it as an opportunity for self-advertisement, and put in a flowery, 250-word entry, stating that he was an author of political discourses, and of plays, carrying-over the Renaissance flavour into his recreations:

> violino, equitazione, scherma, automobilismo, aviazione . . .

It's not clear that his qualifications as a musician, horseman, swordsman, motor ace and pilot ever amounted to much outside his own imagination. But self-description places a burden upon honesty that few of us, if any, are fitted to bear.

Looking at one's own slight entry (**PAGE, Bruce:** editor *New Statesman* . . .) with the same cold eye employed upon others, a sinking feeling results. *Ed.* Melbourne High School (true, but what about the expulsion?), Melbourne University (well, one did attend lectures there, and presumably learnt *something:* but failed to gain a degree). And what about the time when one fearlessly (and totally erroneously) announced that the National Gallery's Goya was a fake? Or briefly belonged to the Liberal Party? Or predicted that Wilson would beat Heath in 1970, and Carter beat Reagan in 1980? And why does one succumb to the absurd Establishment flattery that invites one to list 'recreations'? What on earth is the relevance, unless one flogs pigs in private, or really won an Olympic Gold?

The only way that *Who's Really Who* can possibly work is to divorce itself wholly from the *Who's Who* approach, and stick to Carl Peterson's methodology. Apart from anything else, the stock format lacks even the flexibility to apportion credit where it's actually relevant — see Frank Cousins's economically-prescient resignation letter (this issue) or Roy Hattersley's courageous, but un-reported change of heart on immigration (next time).

Twentieth-century politics has produced, perhaps, just one character who might have been trusted to write an entry for himself. Kemal Ataturk, the Turkish dictator, had largely abandoned by the 1930s his promise to bring Turkey into the modern age: he consoled himself with large doses of arrak: publicly the country appeared to be given over to the narrow fanaticisms of Muslim rule. 'Turkey today', wrote a *New York Times* correspondent, 'is ruled by 50 mullahs, and a drunkard'.

Allegedly, the paper received a terse letter shortly afterwards. 'Sir', it said, 'you err in your description of my country. Modern Turkey is ruled by a drunkard. Yours, Ataturk.' He, at least, knew who was really who. □

The point about Blunt

Who's Who does, on occasion, move with the times. But not any further than it has to. From last year's volume:

> **BLUNT, Sir Anthony Frederick,** KVCO 1956 (CVO 1947) FBA 1950; FSA 1960; Professor of History of Art, University of London . . .

And from this year's:

> **BLUNT, Prof. Anthony** (Frederick); Professor of History of Art, University London . . .

And one especially important line remains unchanged:

> Served War of 1939-45; France 1939-40; WO 1940-45 . . .

It might have been appropriate to add:

> Working for Soviet Union, continuing part-time to 1951.

*Djugashvili, actually.

Are these men taxicabs?

The important things to know about a lawyer are (a) what cases has he done lately, and (b) does he have any convictions? This is just what you don't get from *Who's Who*, which makes no challenge to the Bar Council's assertion that barristers are as interchangeable as taxicabs. *Who's Really Who* may be able to help; by way of example, here are brief notes on two silks who have achieved recent prominence:

> **CARMAN, George,** QC. A Recorder (part-time judge) since 1971. 1974 defended James Sharp, Birmingham architect jailed for 18 months for corruption. 1979 successfully defended Jeremy Thorpe (qv) at Old Bailey, including daring stroke of Thorpe's not giving evidence. 1979-80 defended Kagan Textiles Ltd (qv). 1980 acted for Police Federation in inquest on James Kelly, who died in custody of Liverpool police.
>
> 1979: fined £150 with 12-months' loss of licence for driving without due care and attention and failing to provide blood and urine samples. His Mercedes hit a police accident-warning sign, passed over three cones and two flashing amber lights, and ran into the side of another car.
>
> **GRAY, Gilbert,** QC. A Recorder since 1971. Defended the Black Panther, Donald Nielson. Represented former England manager Don Revie in High Court action against Football Association. 1980: acted for Kelly family against four arresting officers of K Division, Liverpool.
>
> Has been known to waive or reduce fees in cases he considers important.

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WHO'S REALLY WHO

COMING:

- Using Who's Who to go spook-spotting
- Alternative business profiles
- The people Who's Who leaves out

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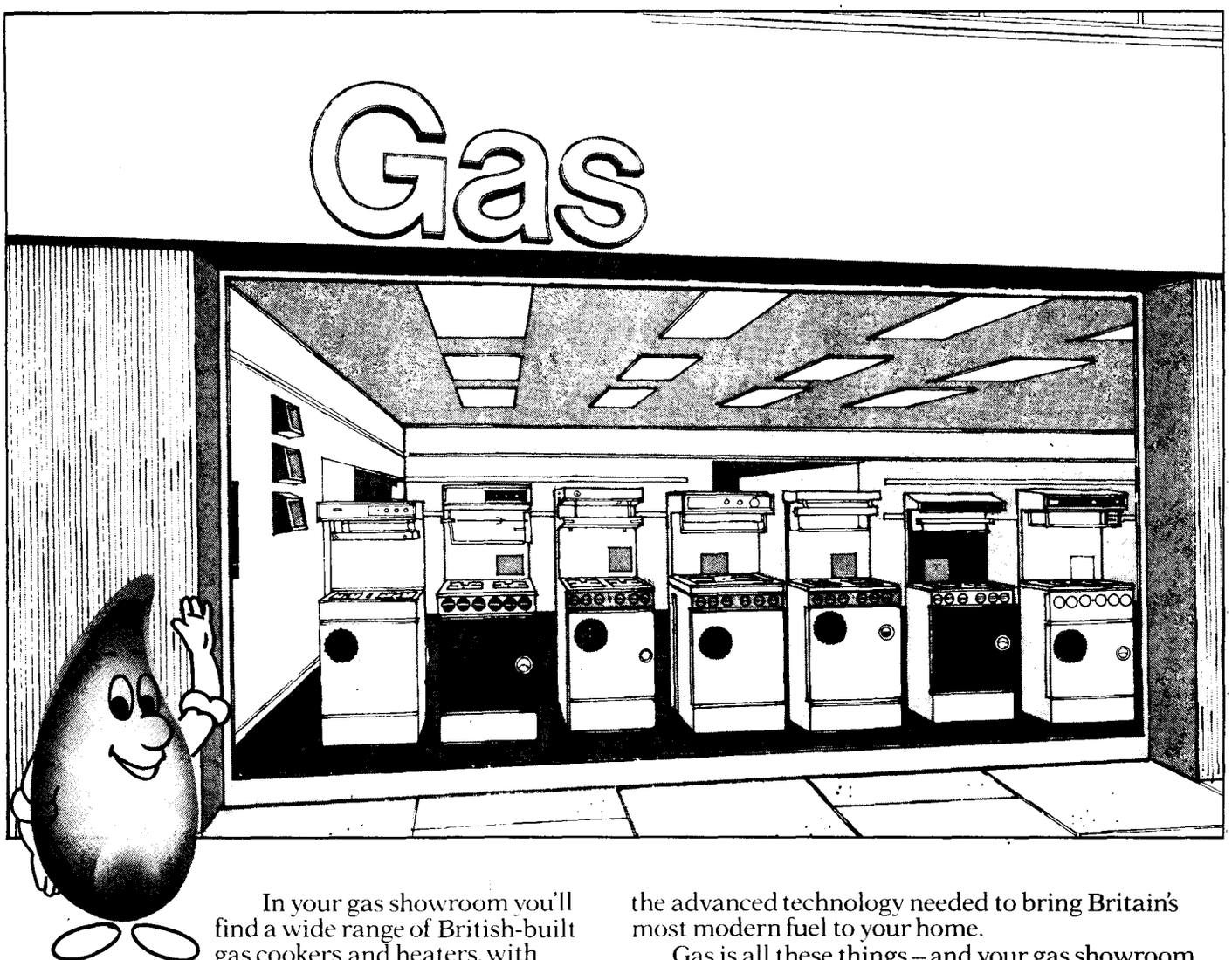
THERE'S A LOT MORE BEHIND YOUR GAS SHOWROOM THAN MEETS THE EYE.



In your gas showroom you'll find a wide range of British-built gas cookers and heaters, with completely impartial advice to help you choose.

But behind the shop window there's a chain of giant warehouses, with a comprehensive stock of spares for gas appliances new and old.

There's an army of skilled engineers, handling more than 15 million service calls a year.

There's an emergency service, ready to deal with safety calls twenty-four hours a day.

The showroom is the place where millions of people pay their bills, get expert advice about fuel running costs, energy conservation, and easy payments schemes. And behind all this, the rigs in the North Sea, representing the huge investment in the advanced technology needed to bring Britain's most modern fuel to your home.

Gas is all these things – and your gas showroom is a shop window for the world's largest fully-integrated gas industry; Britain's eighth largest commercial organisation, with almost 15 million customers, supplying nearly half of all the nation's domestic energy needs, and about a third of all the heat used in our factories and businesses.

Most importantly, though, your gas showroom provides a community service.

It's a place where customers can get help and advice, sort out their problems, and enjoy the thoroughly comprehensive service Britain's gas industry supplies.

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THE BRITISH BOMB: Part 4

Digging up the nuclear past

DUNCAN CAMPBELL examines the archaeological evidence of bomb factories

THE PRODUCTION, storage and maintenance of nuclear weapons is one of the largest post-war industrial developments. Material for an archoeology of nuclear weapons is widely scattered throughout the country.

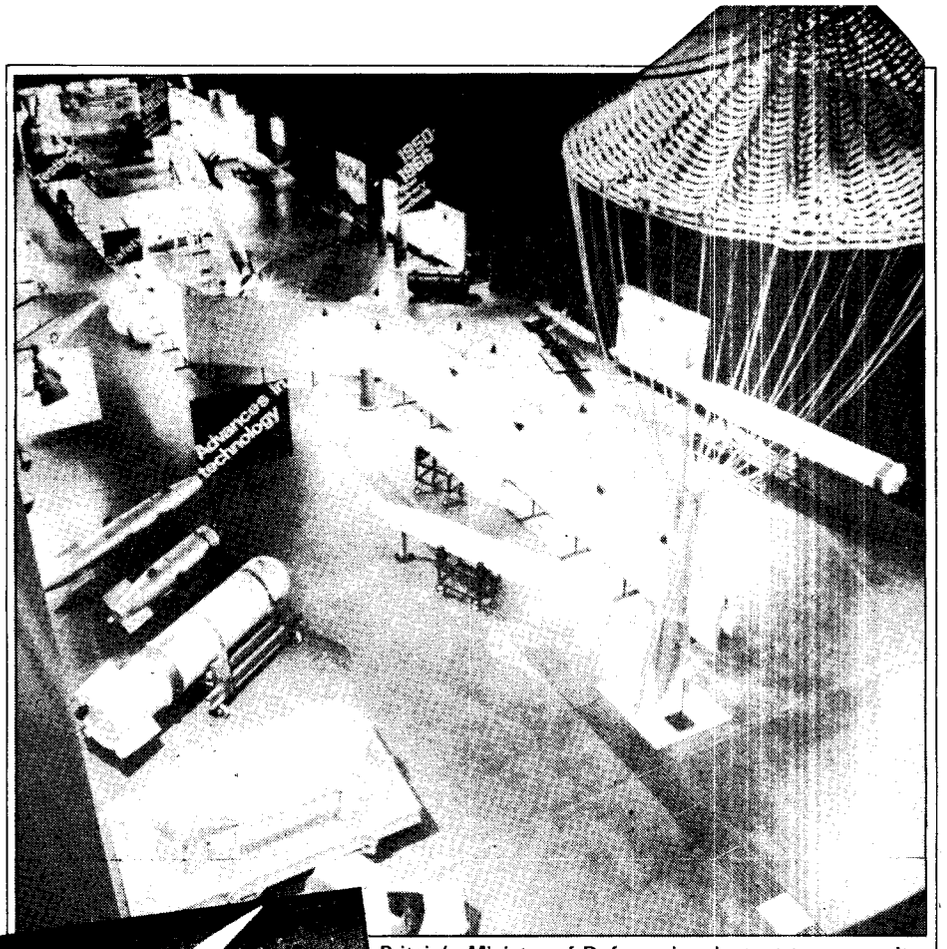
One of the most remarkable of such sites is Faldingworth, near Lincoln, formerly an RAF base and the biggest nuclear store in Britain. With extreme security measures still intact, it has since 1973 been in the hands of a little-known Swiss-owned armaments company, the British Manufacture and Research Company. The company says it now manufactures only conventional weapons — aircraft cannon and ammunition —at this site. But security levels remain more in keeping with nuclear weapons, with electronic movement detectors, dozens of television cameras and round-the-clock guards.

Faldingworth, colloquially known to its RAF staff as 'Stalag Luft 13', was one of two original nuclear bomb dumps built in great secrecy during the 1950s. The prison camp nickname came from the extraordinary features of both sites — triple fences, electric gates, and watchtowers at each corner, with floodlights, searchlights and armed guards. Each base was designed to hold about 70 atomic or hydrogen bombs.

The second is at Barnham, a tiny village south of Thetford in Norfolk, and is an enticing example of the conversion of swords to ploughshares. The buildings formerly used to store, test and assemble Britain's first nuclear weapons were sold off after the base closed in 1965, and are now an industrial estate. The essential features of the nuclear store are nonetheless preserved, giving a fine insight into the technology of nukes. The site consists of three giant hangars for storing the bomb, and three plantations of small sheds the size of WCs in which the fission cores of the bombs were stored. Each shed has a steel door with combination lock, and lightning conductors to avert an accidental explosion. One of the highly classified features of the bomb — the diameter of its spherical fission core — can be measured from the size of the concrete cylinder which held it. It is a mere 16 inches across.

To assemble a bomb, the core would be picked up on a hand trolley, and taken to a central assembly building to be matched with its body. Whenever a fission trigger was moved, a klaxon would sound, and everyone on the site would have to freeze motionless — or risk being shot. Once assembled, the bomb was shipped out past numerous security checks to the airfield wanting the weapon.

In the 1960s, Faldingworth was greatly extended with new storage bunkers, and a third major site was built at Machrihanish near Campbeltown in southwest Scotland.



Britain's Ministry of Defence is reluctant to expose its nuclear weapons to view. The US sees things differently; at Kirtland Air Force Base in New Mexico, near the original Los Alamos atomic laboratories (see left) there is a display of the 'world's largest nuclear weapons collection.

Above shows a section concerned with 'Advances in Technology'; from the bottom left is a B53 H-Bomb and its core, and W-53 warhead which is used for the Titan missile. Behind is the B28 H-Bomb — four of these monster 24 Megaton yield weapons are the normal load for B52s which deploy to and from Britain. More modern weapons are on the right; from the front, a B61 Bomb (with parachute), then a B43 Bomb and a Walleye TV-guided nuclear missile. In the corner, opposite the sign, a W58, one of three 150KT (ten times Hiroshima) warheads carried on Polaris missiles. British A and H-Bombs are very similar in shape and size to the B61 and B43s.

The US has now produced 86 different basic types of nuclear warhead. The latest, a W86 for a Lance missile, explodes *underground*. Neutron bombs, W70 and W78s, have been in production for two years as a so-called 'option'.

Machrihanish is still a major RAF nuclear weapons site. Faldingworth was well known to local farmers as the V-Bombers bomb store, although it was disguised as a 'maintenance unit' and had no public telephone number. It is conveniently placed for the two major bomber bases still in current use, Scampton and Waddington, near Lincoln.

Although the storage bunkers and watchtowers are prominent at both Barnham and Faldingworth, the MoD still deny all knowledge of using the sites after the second world war. Faldingworth, they claimed, had 'nothing at all' since wartime Lancaster bombers left there in 1948.

NUCLEAR MANUFACTURING sites are similarly non-existent. The recent Defence White Paper lists of government-run Royal Ordnance Factories carefully exclude any reference to the ROFs at Burghfield, near Reading, and at Cardiff. Both factories are solely concerned with making nuclear weapons. A recent report by the Health and Safety Executive confirms that the Cardiff ROF does handle and assemble radioactive bomb components. Both factories are authorised to discharge alpha-radiation emitters into local sewers (Cardiff) or the River Thames (Burghfield). These come from the plutonium and uranium used to make bombs.

A private company, Hunting Engineering, also has a major although hitherto undisclosed role in nuclear weapons manufacture. A cluster of factories at Ampthill, near Bedford, are used to make most of the bomb components, leaving the Royal Ordnance Factories to attach the nuclear explosives. The connection is an old one, as Hunting's predecessor, Percival Aircraft, was included very early on in the A-bomb design team. Percival designed and built the casings for the first British bombs. Hunting Engineering still has a 'trials unit' at the Farnborough Royal Aircraft Establishment, which co-operates with the 'Special Weapons' (i.e. nuclear) division at Farnborough in the design and construction of nuclear bombs. The Hunting Group has very close military connections, and even runs airfields — such as RAF Northolt — instead of service personnel. The Group is known to produce many of the less attractive military weapons, including cluster, anti-personnel, and napalm bombs. □

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FAMILY POLICY

The curse of Beveridge

DOUG GRIEVE argues that to ensure decent living standards for all families, children should be supported by state benefits, not wages

AT ITS LAST CONGRESS the TUC solemnly demanded that the government should restore child benefit to the value it held in April 1979. A motion was proposed to that effect, speeches were made and it was passed overwhelmingly.

But what did the demand amount to? Approximately five pence per child per day. Set that beside the fact that over a quarter of all children in Britain are being raised in families in or on the the brink of poverty, and the whole approach of the unions begins to look hopelessly inadequate. Are we serious about wanting a decent standard of living for all families, or not?

If we are serious, we shall need to reassess the philosophy of Beveridge, on which most of our ideas about family support are still unquestioningly based. Although the Beveridge Report was published in 1942, it essentially echoed views which were formed in the 1920s and 1930s — and which even stretched back to the 19th century.

One of Beveridge's basic tenets was that 'allowances should be regarded only as a *help* to parents'. Another was that 'the gap between income in earnings and during interruption of earnings should be as large as possible for every man' (in other words, it is desirable that families should be a lot worse off when the breadwinner is out of work). Beveridge viewed family allowances as a means of 'ensuring larger families'; and he assumed that the 'normal' family unit comprised a wage-earning husband, dependent wife and children. Spelling out the basis on which his committee had examined the population, he revealed that he had divided it into six groups: employees; others gainfully employed; those below working age; those above it; and 'housewives, that is married women of working age'.

At the core of Beveridge's recommendations on family allowances, then, was the assumption that married women should normally stay at home, and that a husband's

earnings should be sufficient to maintain a dependent wife at home. This has been described as the 'family wage' concept.

IN SPITE OF ALL THIS, the Beveridge concept of a welfare state is still regarded as holy writ. Ever since a basic system of social welfare was set up, it has been under almost constant attack; as a result, the trade unions' activities in the field have been largely defensive and rarely innovative. Few, if any, conceptual advances have been made. Those that have — such as support for one-parent families — have been minimal, their progress seriously hindered by the view that, above all else, they had to fit into the Beveridge framework. The history of the Finer Report, which has been persistently ignored, is a classic example of this.

At the turn of the century, when only 10 per cent of married women were in paid employment, the 'family wage' idea had some basis in reality. But today, more than half of all married women are earning. Many more would do so if there were jobs and proper child care provision. A recent report by the Study Commission on the Family estimated that a further two and a half million children would live in poverty if their mothers were not in paid employment.

One reason for the extent of family poverty is that family benefits have failed to advance in line with earnings, or even with other social benefits. Since 1955, the real value of a retirement pension has doubled, the real value of average earnings has increased by around 60 per cent, but child benefit in real terms has fallen. At the same time, families have had to pay quite a disproportionate share of taxation in recent years. For a couple with four children, two above and two below the age of 11, the proportion of income paid in income tax and national insurance contributions rose by 600 per cent between 1961 and 1979. For a childless couple on average earnings, the increase in the same period was 85 per cent, for a single person, just 56 per cent. This ever-increasing tax burden, together with the spread of means-tested benefits, has been the major cause of the 'poverty trap'.

The most effective way of solving the problem would be to pay benefits which fully match the average cost to parents of producing and raising children.

I anticipate strong objections from the trade union movement. It is said, for example, that full state financial support would dampen down wage advances. This is a reference to the fact that trade union negotiators, particularly those representing low-paid workers, frequently back up their arguments by stressing the need of a married man to earn enough to support a dependent wife and children. In fact, such a wage-earning unit is exceptional: only 10 per cent of families fit into this category at any one time. The components of pay claims are in any case far broader than just personal circumstances; but if a proper level of family support were established it would simply mean that arguments dealing with personal circumstances would have to be centred on other aspects of people's needs. This line of objection suggests that dynamism in pay movements is dependent upon a demonstrable measure of poverty: if that were so, we might as well all shut up shop!

Another common objection is that full state financial support for families would weaken the resolve of wage earners to fight for decent wages. Surely the opposite is true: why else would the Tories hope to discourage wage militancy by reducing state support for strikers' families by £12 a week?

When the Tobacco Workers' Union decided to raise these matters with the TUC, we expected opposition — but we imagined, perhaps naively, that this would be based upon arguments about priorities and resources. Instead, all we heard was a repetition of objections raised by the TUC and the Labour Party in 1930, when both organisations voted by large margins against the introduction of any family allowances at all. Then, as now, it was said that the payment of allowances was 'absurd', would 'cut up wages' and would 'destroy this great Trade Union fabric'.

To say that families with children need more money to enjoy the same standard of living as childless couples is to state the obvious. Yet it is still almost universally accepted that they are bound to live in relative poverty. Why? I have yet to hear from those who oppose full state support one valid reason of *principle* why adults who are raising the nation's most precious resource — its next generation — should be so seriously penalised for their trouble.

Retirement pensions are still inadequate, but at least society has accepted an obligation to maintain a large group of people who do not contribute to its economic activity. If we accept such a principle for the old, why not for the young?

The author is General Secretary of the Tobacco Workers' Union and a member of the General Council of the TUC.

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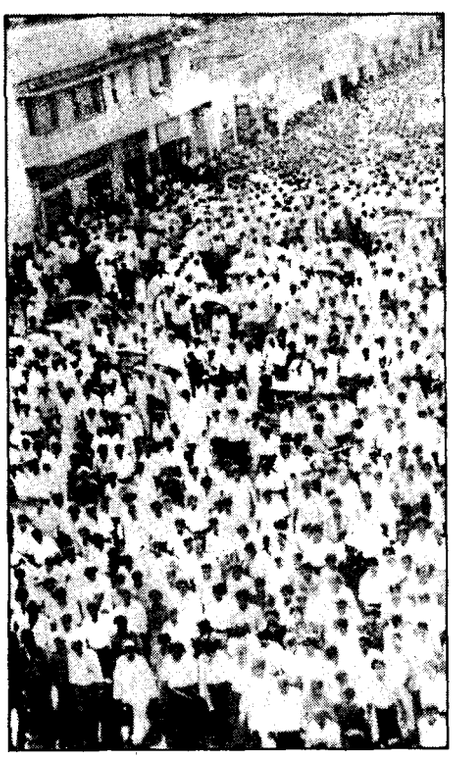
SRI LANKA

Railroad for robber barons

From Colombo, AMRIT WILSON reports on the painful effects of President Jayawardene's attempts to establish a 'free' economy.

VAST AREAS of Colombo lie in a pall of dust because soil is being transported to a bog over which the new parliamentary complex is being built at vast expense. Yet everyone in Sri Lanka knows that parliament has lost its power. Members of the Cabinet and even the Prime Minister can be sacked on a Presidential directive.

Just under the surface lie the bitter effects of last year's urban confrontations — a series of strikes and protests, each time accompanied by violence from the government's 'counter-pickets'. In June a



Funeral march for Sri Lankan trade unionist killed by government 'counter-pickets'

trade unionist was killed on the picket line by these thugs, and there followed a massive funeral march and day of mourning. A general strike in July failed, but drew a battery of repressive measures: the declaration of an emergency, banning of all public meetings, arrest of trade union leaders and freezing of the bank accounts of various trade unions. One of those still in prison is Mr Gid Dharmasetera, General Secretary of the Democratic National Front. Injured before his arrest, he has since been denied medical treatment and there are now fears for his life. As for the strikers, 40,000 of them (according to government figures) were locked out and now, nine months later, most of them are still out of work and blacklisted.

Under the Essential Services Act the President can declare strikes illegal in a wide range of services; under the Prevention of Terrorism Act he can ban any political party which in his opinion advocates or is engaged in unlawful activity. He controls the media. In addition, armed police and armies of thugs terrorise those who protest legally. But in terms of Sri Lanka's economy, President Jayawardene is not just a dictator, he is a guardian of the interests of imperialism. His 'dream' is to turn Sri Lanka into another Singapore and for that, he says, he has placed the country on a 'railroad' — one from which there is no getting off.

THE LOCOMOTIVES on this railroad are the IMF and the World Bank. It has extreme features of neo-colonialism — guarantees to foreign investors, tax concessions to multinationals, abandonment of import substitution policies which promote local industry and the gradual dismantling of a welfare state unique in Third World countries. Of course Sri Lanka has a number of glossy new development projects, but each one falls within this framework. The Free Trade zone in Katunayake, just outside Colombo, is in the President's own words 'quite frankly . . . like the Robber Baron's area in America, Japan and Britain before the industrial revolution. Let them fight each other, compete with each other, destroy each other, all for the benefit of Sri Lanka'. But far from benefiting Sri Lanka, Jayawardene's policies are openly destroying its economy and culture. The Free Trade Zone is a failure even in its own terms. It has provided effectively no net gain in foreign exchange and has so far created less than a tenth of the jobs hoped for in 1977. The expected transfer of technology is a joke, because the majority of firms in the Free Trade Zone have turned out to be garment factories. Having exhausted their quotas of imported garments from countries like Hong Kong, the US and Western Europe have moved to Katunayake to take advantage of Sri Lankan quotas and Sri Lankan cheap labour. When the expected recession in the garment industry occurs it is possible that the Free Trade Zone will collapse altogether, because the foreign firms will take their money and run. Until then the area operates like a state within a state, where no elections are held and many laws do not apply. Working conditions are horrific and the workers, mainly women from rural areas, are open to sexual exploitation. Refusal to do overtime is a sufficient condition for dismissal, and there is talk of abrogating the ILO conventions which prevent women from working night-shifts.

Most of Sri Lanka's tea plantations have now been nationalised but the workers' living conditions have hardly changed. Families including grandparents, grown up children and babies have to live in one room, often no more than eight feet square. In a typical lineroom barracks there is only one source of water for about 200 people. At the front and back of the lines run open and stagnant drains with no water to clean them. Sometimes, as one distraught father told me, 'when both parents are at work, children and babies play in these drains and drink water from them'. Daily wages are still the equivalent of about 75p for men and 60p for the women who, as tea leaf pluckers, constitute the bulk of the workforce. At the end of the day those who do not achieve a certain target weight of leaves do not get paid at all. No concessions are made for pregnancy. In addition to all this, the plantation workers, Tamils who were brought from South India more or less as slaves, face hostility from the Sinhalese population.

This can be traced back to the 'divide and rule' policies of the British, but it has been intensified by successive governments. It has led to hundreds of thousands of workers being disenfranchised and to a gigantic repatriation scheme. In the face of this, the government is this year celebrating 50 years of universal franchise. The Queen will be present: an appropriate gesture, for, despite nationalisation, the money from tea still comes back to Britain, and the price paid for tea at the Colombo auctions and at British and other major markets is controlled by British multinationals such as Brooke Bond.

If all the tears of British liberals have not changed the fate of the plantation workers, nor have their own frequent if small-scale strikes. The failure has been ascribed to the physical and political isolation of the plantation workers from urban workers.

THE SINHALESE PEASANTRY (who are the bulk of Sri Lanka's people), dispossessed of much of their land by the British in the 19th century and impoverished by colonial taxes, are once again coming into direct confrontation with the state. In many areas the attack on them is in the guise of improving their lot. There is, for example, the Mahaweli development scheme, funded by the World Bank, which aims to bring water from the Mahaweli river to nearly half a

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million acres of Sri Lanka as a means to self sufficiency in food. In fact it has caused whole villages to be razed to the ground and communities to be uprooted. Before the scheme came into action there had been irrigation problems, and life had been very hard, but the peasants had managed somehow. They had done Chena (highland, shifting) cultivation and grown paddy as a secondary crop to feed their families. They had farmed on collective principles, sharing produce, land and water from the village tanks. Their firewood, coconuts and fruits had come from the woods adjoining the villages.

Now, in many areas, the trees, villages and tanks are gone. The self-sufficient cooperating peasants are to be turned into 'modern' farmers, users of mountains of imported fertilisers, weedkillers and tractors, growing a single crop (paddy) and selling their surplus to buy everything else they need. Each family is allotted two and a half acres of land which, though irrigated, is frequently barren, saline through poor drainage or else flooded by the newly constructed irrigation channels. Often they cannot afford the seeds, fertilisers or labour they need now that the cooperative system is gone. Most of them find that the only way to survive is to hire themselves out as labourers and get someone with more capital to cultivate their land. The poverty is appalling: 30.4 per cent of people in the Mahaweli area suffer from malnutrition, compared with about two per cent in other peasant areas.

Politically, the Mahaweli scheme is part of a wider and more fundamental development — the gradual establishment of a Free Agriculture Zone (as in the Philippines) where land grabbed from peasants is handed over to multinationals to grow cash crops. In the Mahaweli region I was told that 20,000 acres had already been given to a Malaysian multinational to grow oil palms, and that Ceylon Tobacco had been given land and facilities. As the peasants begin to fight this second attempt to dispossess them, repression in rural areas is increasing. In the village of Damina in Polonnaruwa, 153 families have been ordered off the land. When they refused, the police raided the area and destroyed three houses. But the families are still holding out. In some areas peasants are starting to join forces with urban workers. With parliament rendered impotent and the trade union movement all but smashed, events such as these in the countryside may point a way to the future.□

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

A young Chelmsford man who regularly gives himself up to the police after committing offences was described by a judge on Friday as 'almost a special constable'. Said Judge Peter Grinwood: 'He toddles along to Chelmsford police station about once a week to give himself up for things.' — *Essex Chronicle* (James Harbord)

A one-legged burglar was caught when his artificial limb gave way and trapped him inside the Yarmouth shop he was raiding, a court heard today. And his walking frame — with his name on — was still outside. — *Eastern Evening News* (E.A. Barber)

Diary

FRANCIS WHEEN

■ Porte de Pantin, Paris, Sunday. Red, white and blue balloons float gaily overhead, and their message is the same as that emblazoned on the hats, lapels, stomachs and even bottoms of the 100,000 other people here: *Allez Giscard — Allez la France!* This is the President's last big jamboree before next Sunday's election and his campaign managers have spared no expense. Everyone is given a Giscard carrier bag containing glossy leaflets, magazines and a copy of the paperback edition of his book *Démocratie française*. Seven huge marquees have been erected. Inside one there are non-stop screenings of the Giscard-Mitterrand TV debate of 1974; a sign outside the tent announces cheekily: 'Mitterrand has refused a face to face debate with Giscard this time. Come inside and you'll see why.' In another Big Top a clean-cut, Eurovision-style pop group called Basil is singing bouncy little songs: some of the more excitable young Giscardians in the audience start waving their arms and jigging up and down, for all the world like Young Conservatives doing the pogo at their annual ball. (Elsewhere in Paris, the previous week, there was a concert called 'Rock Contre Giscard', which used the same logo as England's Rock Against Racism.) Another tent offers 'chansons d'autrefois': on the stage is a hot combo of gents in white trousers and pink jackets playing old Charleston numbers. The audience tap their toes as they scoff their packed lunches. The most popular marquee, packed to the rafters, is showing French gangster movies, while the biggest top of all has pre-pubescent gymnasts cavorting on a padded stage. Outside, majorettes march back and forth, with the candidate's face printed on the bosom of their uniform. There are also processions of folks dressed up in regional constume: 'La Haute Savoie Avec Giscard' says one banner, and, sure enough, behind it there are several dozen men looking like clog dancers. Something, in short, for everyone: young and old, fat and thin, town and country, white and . . . white. Of the thousands of people at the rally not a single one, as far as I could see, was black.

■ If Mitterrand is elected, the biggest loser may well be *Le Canard Enchaîné*, France's satirical weekly newspaper. The *Canard* needs Giscard for the same reason that *Private Eye* needs Jimmy Goldsmith; because he is such a splendid target. The *Canard* has had a high old time these past few years, gleefully seizing on all Giscard's foibles and misdeeds — his friendship with Bokassa, his receipt of diamonds and other gifts, his passion for hunting, his conviction that he is the reincarnation of the *roi soleil*, his nepotism, his speculation on the *bourse*, his surprising chumminess with Eldridge Cleaver, his sudden rages. As its own contribution to the election campaign, the *Canard* last month collected all its recent reports on Giscard and published them in a fun-packed book. It includes a fascinating snippet which I hadn't heard before: according to the film producer Claude Autant-Lara, Giscard's chief regret is that he wasn't born an Englishman. I trust that the Gaullists who supported Chirac in the first round will bear this in mind when deciding whether to transfer their votes to Giscard.

■ The most encouraging result in the first round of elections was the slump in the Communist vote. One Communist, busily tearing down Giscard's posters in the Boulevard St Germain, assured me that it was merely a temporary setback, and the party itself has tried to push this view by releasing extracts from the 'hundreds of letters' received by Georges Marchais after the vote. Many of the letters begin with phrases such as 'I am weeping as I write this', but tears are soon dried and the correspondents go on to promise that they will continue the struggle with renewed effort. All the letters praise Marchais for his determination, sincerity, generosity, honesty, kindness to dumb animals etc., and many blame his defeat on the media. However, as George Orwell once remarked, some things are true even if the *Daily Telegraph* says they are true. The media did not invent the PCF's support for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, nor did they invent the racism which Marchais embraced in a shoddy attempt to win a few more votes. With unemployment standing at 1,700,000 the time could not have been more propitious for a Communist breakthrough, yet the PCF vote dropped to its pre-war level because the majority of French people had the good sense to see Marchais for what he is — a busted flush.

■ Back in England, we have our own elections this week (for county councils) and by the time you read this the results will prob-

Roger Woddis

ABC, '81

A is for Airplane with love on its wings,
B is for Bomb and the blessing it brings,
C is for Crime, and also for Cruise,
D's for the Drug that is swallowed as news,
E is for East, as opposed to the West,
F is for Father who always knows best,
G's for the Gunman we cannot abide,
He is for Hero with God on his side,
I is for Ireland, the Emerald Isle,
J is for Justice (but not for awhile),
K is for Killing that dignifies men,
L is for Law that we need now and then,
M is for Murder and Martyr and Maze,
N is for 'Nuke' which will brighten our days,
O is for Orange (but hardly for green),
P is for Peace that is yet to be seen,
Q is for Quarrels begun long ago,
R is for Reasons we'd rather not know,
S is for Sorrow and also for Sands,
T is for Terror with blood on its hands,
U is for Ulster that's close to the bone,
V is for Violence (but never our own),
W weeps by the burial-ground,
X is the spot where the victim was found,
Y is the Year of the loser who wins,
Z is for Zero, where reckoning begins.

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ably be known. The Labour candidate for the Greater London Council in my constituency is Frances Morrell, who, as the newspapers always delight in pointing out, used to be Tony Benn's political adviser. The Tories imply that a Labour-run GLC would be one step away from joining the Warsaw Pact (the Social Democrats' manifesto also compares Labour control with 'East European communist dictatorships'), but even the most determined Marxist-hater cannot make much use of these slurs, because no evidence is ever produced to justify them. A 25 per cent reduction in fares on public transport, a programme of building and renovating houses, a campaign against pollution — it is hard to know which of these is likely to usher in the age of the Gulag.

■ The publishers of *Debrett's Peerage* have decided to bring out 'an annual directory of the men and women who form the leadership of the United Kingdom', entitled *Debrett's Handbook*. This will be a predictable collection of scoundrels and crooks — or 'titled and socially distinguished people', as Debrett prefers to describe them — and, although the publishers claim that it will be unique, it's hard to see how it will differ from *Who's Who* (for which, as you will have noticed, we have supplied a revised version this week). But perhaps there is one subtle distinction. I have obtained a copy of the form which will be filled in by those invited to appear in the book, and attached to it is a charming addendum: 'Please supply the names of any race-horse(s), yacht(s) and the make of aeroplane(s) that you own.'

■ Few things in this world are more entertaining than a good squabble between writers. In America, these usually take the form of lawsuits (such as the current row between Mary McCarthy and Lillian Hellman) or fisticuffs (Norman Mailer *passim*). Over here, they are conducted in the correspondence columns of daily newspapers. The *Guardian* has, in the past week, provided the arena for the latest of these spectacles: Eva Figes (novelist) bashes Charles Osborne (literature director of the Arts Council); John Calder (publisher) zaps Eva Figes; Michael Hastings (playwright) lays into John Calder; and so on. The cause of it all is the Arts Council's decision to stop giving grants to writers, which amounted to £110,000 last year. Instead it will provide only five 'bursaries' of up to £7,500 each for writers 'of huge talent', as Charles Osborne puts it. Oddly enough, three years ago the Arts Council commissioned Jim McGuigan, a sociologist, to make a thorough study of the system of grants to writers. He delivered his 50,000-word report in 1979, and in it he criticised the 'closed' way in which the system operated. The fate of his report is itself an illustration of what he meant: it will not be published until the end of this month, nearly two years after its completion and a month *after* the relevant decision has been taken. I asked Charles Osborne why there had been no public discussion of the document before the literature panel decided to abolish grants. He replied: 'Why should one discuss it with outside pressure groups?' As Jim McGuigan now says: 'I am left with the sound of stable doors being shut and horses bolting.'

Don't know

Arthur Marshall

THOSE of you who have, busy with other things, not recently been able to spare time to re-read Miss Angela Brazil's *The Head Girl at The Gables* may need to be reminded of the gasps of astonishment that greeted, on the very first day of that autumn term of 1917, the announcement by Miss Kingsley that the head girl at this Cornish seaside school was to be, of all unexpected people, Lorraine Forrester. Competition for the coveted post had been, as many of you will remember, pretty fierce. Although both Nellie Appleby and Audrey Roberts were considered to be in with a chance, the odds-on favourite had been Dorothy Skipton, even despite the fact that Miss Kingsley had 'several times caught her cheating', a detail that really doesn't speak very highly of the general tone of the place. Strongly fancied outsiders for head girl were Patsie Sullivan and Claire Bardsley, the latter's surname being full of saintly promise and redolent of high Church office, while there were some who had got their money firmly on Claudia Castleton to be first past the post. But no! Lorraine ('very reserved' and huge brown eyes) it was, and the pulsating events of the term, and with Britain in dire peril, entirely justified the headmistress's surprising but brilliant choice.

Let me, if you've a moment, recall some of them for you. It was Lorraine who 'focused her full mind on The Gables' and revived the Nature Study Union and the Jack Tar Club, the latter wisely involving contact with sailors only at a distance and in the shape of knitted garments sent by parcel post to Portsmouth. It was Lorraine who, diligently collecting ferns for the botany class, wandered by mistake into a forbidden Military Zone near the railway line and got herself smartly arrested by a special constable ('I shall report you'). It was Lorraine who 'kept slackers up to the mark', chivvied juniors in the cloak-room ('Mona Parker, put on your boots at once') and who, picking yellow ragwort on the cliff top, fell headfirst down the shaft of a disused tin-mine ('I want to forget about it if I can').

And above all, it was intrepid Lorraine who unmasked the French mistress, a Madame Bertier ('flashing hazel eyes and carefully arranged coiffure'), as a German spy. The desperate woman spent her time, when not at the blackboard, loading oil-drums onto a U-boat in a neighbouring cove and had aroused Lorraine's suspicions by her attitude to cricket ('Of what use is it *toujours* to hit about a ball?'). Could anything be more revealing? How right Miss Kingsley had been in her choice! It is heartening for feminists to learn that in a rousing pi-jaw to the assembled school, the headmistress quotes the statement (but by whom?) that 'A nation never rises higher than its women', thus neatly encapsulating a cheering *pensée* for those of us who rate the female sex very highly and for the sadly diminishing number among us who are still Thatcher-fanciers.

But stay! Is the number after all diminishing, for what do we find in a popularity poll aimed at celebrities and carried out by a popular Sunday magazine but our own Mrs T topping the voting in the Most Liked Tory Politician category (I prefer to overlook the fact that she also won hands down in a Least Liked section). To return, if only momentarily, to Brazil country, another reason for Miss Kingsley's rejection as head girl of Dorothy 'Cheat' Skipton was the fact that she deliberately courted popularity and sucked up shamelessly to the juniors, a shortcoming that could never be currently laid at the door of No 10. What a very fine headmistress our PM would have made (or is, perhaps, making). Miss Brazil would have instantly warmed to her.

I must confess that I do, in my priggish and old-fashioned way, rather question the ethical rightness of popularity polls of the kind mentioned, when the candidates are not asked if they wish to take part. After all, the idea may spread and entail humbler persons being victimised. To wake up one morning, with the birds chirping and the sun shining, and to be informed by your newspaper that you have been unanimously voted to be The Least Attractive Woman in Cuckfield does really very little to raise your morale.

The poll organisers, obviously themselves somewhat doubtful about the reception of their activities and of the results obtained, say, roughly speaking, that to be voted Least Liked this or that is the price that some celebrities must pay for 'sticking their heads into the public glare', which is surely a rather unattractive way of describing those who happen to be good at such matters as acting, news-reading, novel-writing, football-playing, competitive running, motor-racing, and so on. Pictorially too these brazen head-stickers were pilloried. It would not be to everybody's taste to find a snap of themselves, for all to see and gape at, alongside that of a titled convict (Least Liked Industrialist). Poor old (I use the phrase in its commiserative sense) Barbara Cartland (Least Liked Novelist), complete with peke and pearl *parure*, is within hailing distance of Ian Paisley (Least Liked Politician), which neither of them might find an ideal arrangement. And what on earth are nice Anna Ford and gifted James Hunt doing in the Least Liked section?

Never mind. In Devon areas as harmonious as ours at Appleton *et ses environs*, there would be no question of even thinking of having a Least Liked list. 'Least Liked' in the polls was clearly a Skipton way of saying 'Disliked', and here all is sweetness and light, and if you don't believe me, why not come along down? The results of a local poll here are fairly foreseeable. Most Popular Couple in the village: a dead-heat between Canon and Mrs Mountjoy, and Giles and Bunty Bultitude. Smartest Lady: Miss Entwhistle. Most Highly Respected Lady: my Cousin Madge. Ditto Gentleman: The Rector. Most Diligent Worker: the late Walter Bidder. The Most Hospitable Home: Maison Bultitude. Resident Considered to be The Most Weird: Me.

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LETTERS

Freedom and the Bomb

Our recent discussion between E. P. Thompson and 'Vaclav Racek' (*NS* 24 April) on the critical question of nuclear disarmament and Eastern Europe has provoked considerable correspondence from readers. We print a selection of letters below: some have been shortened.

From Judy Barker

If the cause of nuclear disarmament is to win the majority support necessary for its success, then its advocates must be totally honest in confronting and answering objections to their policies. This, Edward Thompson has not been.

Racek, his Czech critic, fears that a peace movement which places the main blame for the current war danger on the West, principally the US, must run the risk at the very least of furthering the expansionist aims of the Soviet rulers. Rather than admit that this is the position of END and CND, Thompson attempts to circumvent the argument: firstly by his assertion that 'Soviet militarism exists in its own right', a fact he continually denies during the course of his argument (it is US armaments that 'serve to hold together an authoritarian regime . . . the succession to the old men in the Kremlin is being determined by the actions of the Pentagon today') and secondly by the misrepresentation of Racek's argument. Thompson foists on Racek the assumption that 'there must be some contradiction between the cause of peace and the cause of liberty'. There is no statement remotely resembling this view in Racek's letter; rather there is his assertion that 'any disarmament movement is meaningful and hopeful only in the sense of the realisation of its objectives as a human rights movement'. Where Racek and Thompson differ is not in the need for a link between these objectives, but in the nature of that link.

Thompson's obvious preference for the Soviet state is ironic in view of his accusation (again unfounded) that Racek holds a 'binary view of the world' that involves 'assent to the military strategies of either bloc'. Racek did not advocate support or advance apologies for any military strategy. He simply asserted that 'the social system in the East is essentially different from the system you live in and criticise', and that the liberties enjoyed by us in the West 'restrain the totalitarian system from tightening the screw'. Even Thompson's response to this with the classic Leninist dictum that 'Imperialism or Militarism can perfectly well cohabit with democracy: indeed, very happily' ultimately begs the question which Racek puts to him.

To answer it is to concede the validity of East European and Soviet dissident objections to the policy orientations of western peace movements.

It means an unequivocal declaration of support for all those struggling for unilateral disarmament in the USSR and its colonies on the part of END and CND, and will involve a parting of the ways with the pro-Sovieteers in the disarmament movement who believe, if they do not always publicly declare, that since the USSR is a 'workers' state', it has the right to retain nuclear weapons, and even use them, so long as it is 'menaced' by western imperialism. Once these people have gone, there will be a place in the disarmament movement for critics such as Racek. It cannot succeed without them.

13 Lidfield Road, London N16

From Peter Cadogan, Hon. Secretary, East-West Peace People

In an open discussion in St James, Piccadilly on 25 March I asked Edward what would happen to END if the Russians invaded Poland. He answered, very frankly, that it would go 'up the spout'. But what good is a peace movement that cannot face and take on *any* war emergency? War in Poland, war round the Gulf, war in Central America, these, not the Bomb, are the critical points of the next 18 months.

Edward Thompson wants it both ways! On the same page we read: 'We do not wish to apportion guilt between the political and military leaders of East and West' *and* 'The United States seems to me to be the more dangerous and provocative'. If one of these statements is right the other has to be wrong! Surely the proper internationalist approach is to castigate both forms of militarism exactly equally and in general never deviate a hairbreadth from that position even if in a particular case (like that of Vietnam or Afghanistan) there is also particular blame.

But the big trouble is in the European parochialism of END's terms of reference. Everyone knows that the heart of our trouble lies in the conflict between the two superpowers. The US occupies Western Europe and the USSR occupies Eastern Europe, and the governments of both countries are, or should be, answerable to their own peoples. *But the peoples of the US and the USSR are excluded from participation in END* since the campaigning area lies only between Poland and Portugal. And if the US Army was to leave the area and the Red Army likewise, the Americans would be out of Europe but the Russians would not. They would still be there, between Poland and the Urals.

There is no doubt that the peoples of the USSR want peace. There is no doubt, too, that there is a potential autonomous peace movement of vast proportions there, where Dr Andrei Sakharov promises to be what Edward Thompson and Lord Fenner Brockway are to the movement over here. Racek is right. Human rights are deeper than peace and give peace the quality that makes it of value. We shall only have a deeply rooted peace movement when the causes of peace and human rights are seen as one.

1 Hampstead Hill Gdns, NW3

From Hugh Hetherington

Edward Thompson's letter in reply to Czech dissident 'Václav Racek', characteristic in its incisive analysis, wit and humanity, consolidates his position in the tradition of Bertrand Russell. All his wit and wisdom are revealed in this letter as perhaps never before. Yet 99 per cent carries one along and 1 per cent of doubt persists and nags.

Crucially, this 1 per cent becomes apparent when he moves from analysis of the present structures of power and state/individual tensions to the outline of what may be done to enhance our freedom worldwide. Here he reveals that, in a limited sense, 'Racek' is right in his accusation of naiveté. He accuses 'Racek', wrongly, I think, of 'deep suspicions of us and our motives', seeming to see the Czech, while utterly sympathetic to his situation, as a man whom constant repression and hatred of his own establishment has rendered insular and in thrall to western propaganda.

But it may be that the extremity of the *national* situation for East European dissidents has not produced the absolutist misapprehension about the West's freedom which Thompson suspects so much as an apprehension of the *relative* nature of freedom and repression, and of the importance of *degree* — an importance which seems to elude many western left-leaning intellectuals, profoundly sympathetic as they are to the plight of Eastern Europe's dissidents.

There is no doubt that 'Racek' has been misinformed about the 'assumptions' expressed in E. P. Thompson's political writings. Nevertheless, Professor Thompson, despite the brilliance of his polemic and his undoubted integrity, has failed to convince this particular CND member to jettison that 1 per cent of doubt . . . and that doubt seems, through these eyes, to hinge still on the question of *degree* and the glaring contrast between dissent in Western Europe and dissent in Eastern Europe, a poignant symbol of which is the false signature of 'Václav Racek' contrasted with the authentic one of Edward Thompson.

25 Dover Road, Deal, Kent

From Dr R. Janko

There have, as E. P. Thompson says, been periods when democracies have run empires — the Athenian empire for example. Starting as a military alliance against a common enemy, the allied cities gradually lost their liberty; more so, when the common enemy made peace. There is certainly a lesson here relevant to NATO. There is a danger of member-states becoming too dependent on the leader. But the parallel does not cease there; it was those member-states who maintained their own defences who stayed free the longest. The rest, who decided to contribute money instead, were readily cowed into submission.

However, democracies have not been conspicuously successful at maintaining imperialism. Either democracy, or empire, has to go. In Rome, the need for centralised control won out: in Britain, economic exhaustion and public disgust at imperial repression. American actions in Vietnam caused a similar reaction. Democratic liberties require continual vigilance, as well as freedom from foreign domination. This debate is proof that they still exist in Britain.

To judge by recent events, Communism as practised in Eastern Europe is not very successful either. It is clear that only Soviet military force, used or threatening, is delaying the establishment of democratic liberties there, although it is all done in the name of ideology ('mere propaganda', in E. P. Thompson's phrase). This behaviour is 'aggressively defensive', in Thompson's words. I do not understand what he means: he seems to refer to the bad old adage that 'attack is the best form of defence': if the USSR *is* thinking this way, then the SS 20 missiles are ominous indeed. It is curious that their deployment began when military dispositions in *Western* Europe had been static. Recently Western militarism has increased: why? Could it be that the USSR supplied the reason, and Western electorates, democratically persuaded, elected governments that took this line?

Trinity College, Cambridge

From John Derbyshire

Charles the Second is supposed to have said of someone: 'I have tried him drunk and I have tried him sober, and there's nothing in him.' Well, I have tried E. P. Thompson the historian and I have tried Thompson the polemicist, and I'll be damned if I can see why this bag of wind is a 'celebrity'. Reading his reply to the Czech dissident 'Vaclav Racek' was like eating a plate of meringues after a stick of celery.

'It is in Washington, rather than in Moscow, that scenarios are dreamed up for "theatre" wars . . .' says E. P. But no: it is in Washington that such things are *publicly aired*, that's all. It is the need to be constantly repeating such elementary facts that makes us on the Right so ill-tempered. What does Thompson think the Russian General Staff do in their working hours? Gardening? I'm willing to believe that Thompson is sincere and intelligent: but can't he see that statements like that (from which none of his polemic is free) make him look, to ordinary people, like a simpleton?

200 Turners Hill, Cheshunt, Herts.

From W. S. Brownlie

E. P. Thompson and his fellow-dreamers can if they wish 'commence to act as if a united, neutral and pacific Europe already exists'. The other 99.99999 per cent of us will share the 'phobias' of the 'experts' who don't like the look of all these thousands of tanks, and will welcome the neutron bomb as a means of countering them. And Thompson argues that there is no such thing as a 'defensive' nuclear weapon? He's blethering.

19 Hunterhill Road, Paisley

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Peter Kellner examines the state of Britain-ology

One-dimensional men

Labour Party Photo Library

The hope of 1945

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG with Britain? Good question, glad you asked it. At a time when unemployment is back to Thirties levels and industrial production has been literally decimated, what indeed? The good news is that two books have been published trying to answer this question. The bad news is, they are awful.

But, devoted reader, before you turn to the Comp, the books' vices are interesting vices, and it is possible to learn a fair amount from them. The lessons, though, are not what the authors intended.

Louis Heren has flown, jeeped and drunk his way round most of the world's trouble spots over the past 30 years, reporting for *The Times;* his distinguished career culminated in a spell as deputy editor.

In *Alas, Alas for England,* Heren returns to being a reporter. He talks to a lot of people, writes down what happened in his interviews, and tells us. We learn that Heren drank German wine with Len Murray, tea with Ron Hayward, Buck's Fizz with Jim Prior ('fizzier than usual because a generous hand had poured the champagne'), tea again with Tony Benn, and sundry cans of Scotch ale with a group of Yorkshire miners.

Ah yes, but what did Heren's sources say between the sips? Using mainly reported speech rather than direct quotations, Heren distils the wisdom they have to offer. Some not quite random examples: Len Murray ascribed the 'British disease' to 'old age, old institutions, old industrial assets and old attitudes'. Jim Prior 'recognized that employers were as much to blame as the unions for Britain's economic decline'. Lord Carrington reckoned we had 'had it easy too long . . . we had not learned to live in a harsh world'. (I'd like to see the noble Lord go to Consett and tell that to a steelworker.)

James Callaghan quarried at the same vein of clichés. 'The trouble, he said, was that we did not make up our minds in time as to the consequences of the loss of empire, the passing of the special relationship with the United States, and the need for a new relationship with Europe.' Ron Hayward demonstrated that he is a perfect Labour Party General Secretary by the precision with which he matched his former leader's capacity for shallow thought: Hayward 'sat sucking his pipe and sipping tea . . . Britain [he said] had lost its sense of direction.'

I turned to Heren's interviews with notable Social Democrats to see if they could supply more profound thoughts or fresh remedies. Judge for yourself. To Shirley Williams, 'the main trouble . . . was that the class system still cast a heavy shadow over the land.' So what, exactly should be done about it, David Owen? ' "We have got to get off our ass" . . . We had to take risks, Owen added, and be more daring.'

OH DEAR. My first reaction to this barrage of inanity was to explain it away as an inability in Heren to understand anything more complex. But rare bursts of insight in his book show that this is not so. For example, his treatment of a weighty study of class mobility conducted by Dr John Goldthorpe succeeds in being both lucid and sensitive.

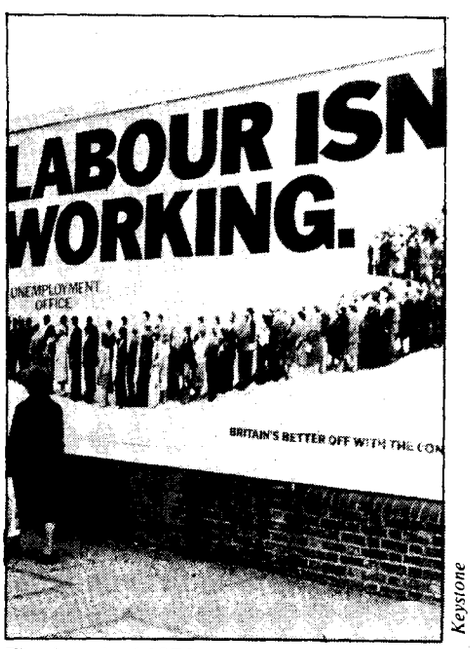
There is an alternative, infinitely more frightening possibility. Perhaps it wasn't Heren being lazy, or his interviewees taking him for a ride. *Perhaps they really think like that;* and perhaps Heren has done us a notable service by exposing us to that terrifying fact.

If that is Heren's intention, he succeeds brilliantly. The inexorable conclusion to be drawn is that one of the things wrong with Britain is that our rulers really are as one-dimensional as they make themselves out to be on the telly.

Sadly, Heren offers no signs of such honourably subversive intentions (though that could, of course, mean simply that he has concealed his true motives particularly well). Rather, it seems that despite his East End upbringing to which he frequently harks back, Heren has become fatally seduced by the first-rate comforts and second-rate thoughts possessed by the holders of high office.

Heren, doubtless, would contest this: he did, after all, go down a coal-mine during the course of his inquiries. But he devotes twice as much space to the physical environment of the Foreign Secretary as to that of a Yorkshire coal-miner.

When George Orwell (one of Heren's heroes) went down a mine, he described his experience in vividly awesome detail in *The Road to Wigan Pier,* and he drew careful conclusions from what he saw. Heren simply offers dog-eared observations like 'White teeth smiled out of the blackness', and hand-me-down views like 'Yorkshire miners [are] an independent lot'. Big deal.



Keystone

The despair of 1979

JAMES BELLINI acquires facts from books rather than from interviews. In *Rule Britannia* he romps around all the institutions he blames for Britain's plight: Oxbridge, the Civil Service, the pension funds, the owners of inherited wealth, the BBC, the security services and so on.

His facts come in numbers rather than words. As someone who thinks that a good graph says more than a thousand words, I sympathise with this approach. But Bellini contrives to present his material with the same impact as a West Indian pace attack, with its combination of relentless pressure and mounting tedium, resulting in success for its practitioners but harm to the game.

When Bellini strives for effect, as he does on almost every page and with every chapter heading, he ends up being merely arch or silly. Take this sentence from page 120, on insurance companies and pension funds: 'The growth of these double bluff institutions was to be literally explosive.' I was literally slightly surprised to find that the publishers had let this through, and feel that everyone at Cape should be literally gently reminded of their duty to edit out sloppy language. (And you are wrong, smarty boots, to smirk at my 'literally decimated' in the third sentence of this review. 'Decimate' means to cut *by* ten per cent, not *to* ten per cent.)

Paradoxically Bellini's book would do less harm if it were worse. Then it would be possible to dismiss it out of hand. As it is, Bellini makes some good points using lousy methodology. His distrust of the upper reaches of the Civil Service matches mine, but the principal story he tells to try and prove his point — how, he claims, Ministry of Defence officials outwitted politicians over the acquisition of a new generation of

Alas, Alas for England: What Went Wrong with Britain by LOUIS HEREN *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

Rule Britannia: A Progress Report for Domesday 1986 by JAMES BELLINI *Cape* £6.95

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aircraft carriers — proves something different. He shows senior officials to be incompetent power maniacs; but he simply asserts and in no way demonstrates that they acted against the wishes of recent Defence Secretaries.

HAVING SAID that, Bellini does provide useful cameo descriptions of the effect of the Lever and Pearson family business empires, the accretion of Oxbridge wealth, and the system of subtle internal censorship that has grown up inside the BBC. Useful, that is, if you can rely on Bellini's facts. Sometimes you cannot.

ITEM. Bellini states (p.71) that Britain's gross domestic product in 1979 was £114,000 million. In fact it was twice that.

ITEM. Bellini reports (p.163) Goldthorpe's study on class mobility as showing that 'people beginning their working lives in manual tasks have seen their opportunities for class "improvement" actually deteriorate'. Goldthorpe's study* makes a subtly, but importantly, different point. In *absolute* terms manual workers' chances have not got worse, and in some ways have got better; but *relative* to the improving prospects for middle-class workers, the growth in opportunities for people with manual-worker backgrounds has lagged behind. (Heren, unlike Bellini, gets this point right.)

ITEM. On p.194 Bellini is wrong by a factor of one hundred in the percentage of total defence spending devoted to home defence.

ITEM. On p.117 Bellini says that 'roughly one-fifth of Britain's acreage is held by agencies of the state'. That amounts to about nine million acres. But a table two pages earlier shows only three million acres in these hands.

ITEM. On p.61 Bellini writes of Britain's population 'declining from 1980'. No: it's still rising, albeit slowly, and current projections are that it will continue rising for the next 40 years. (God knows how you assess Bellini's statement on the same page that Britain's "inventive energy peaked around 1965'.)

Some things Bellini does get right. On the Civil Service, Bellini says:

> In the mid-1970s, of external candidates who passed the Final Selection Board en route to becoming future Permanent Secretaries, more than half came from public schools, almost two-thirds came from Oxbridge and most were graduates in arts subjects.

How true; but also, how familiar. Let me think what that reminds me of . . . ah yes, a passage I last looked at in another book a few weeks ago:

> In the mid-1970s, of external . . . candidates who passed the Final Selection Board, more than half came from public schools, almost two-thirds came from Oxbridge, and most were arts graduates.

That is taken from *The Civil Servants,* first published last summer, and now available as a Futura paperback from all good bookshops at £4.95. Lord Crowther-Hunt was one of the co-authors. Modesty forbids me to name the other. □

**Social Mobility and Class Structure in Modern Britain* Clarendon Press 1980

FICTION 1

Alan Hollinghurst

Starting points

Zig-Zag by RICHARD THORNLEY *Cape* £6.50
Cracks in the Image: Stories by Gay Men edited by Richard Dipple *Gay Men's Press* £2.50

In most first books the author is working towards a style and a literary personality, and in good ones she or he shows an awareness of this process. Nothing is yet stable; there is no knowing whether the experiments will work, the personality convince or impress.

Richard Thornley's first book, consisting of three stories, shows considerable self-consciousness: as he looks for a manner his narrator too is 'drifting'. The events take place in a restless post-university year in Europe and constitute a discontented and unfulfilled search for a significant way of life.

Part of Thornley's experiment lies in the choice of unusual subjects — being given a lift in a juggernaut which he ends up driving; passing time in a French anarchist commune; selling tat in Florence. These foreign occupations are by now traditional searches for alternatives not only to bourgeois society but also to English life in general. The zig-zag of the title seems to refer to the way in which the three stories are related in reverse order of occurrence though each one progresses forward in time itself.

Despite his multifarious new experiences, and a contempt for English meanness and provinciality, the narrator remains extremely Anglo-Saxon in his personal reserve. A determined drifter, disengaged and cool, he does not, overtly at least, give away anything about himself. Cautiousness and a distaste for any large interpretative gesture invest the stories with a certain strategic myopia. There is no contouring of the narrative, no climax and no feel of the possibility of one. In short sentences, event follows event, and the mood is interestingly humourless.

Such a technique naturally puts a stress on those individual sentences and it is under these exacting conditions that Thornley's search for a manner is most exposed. There is, on the one hand, the language of drifting, uneasily hip: 'Laurie was well on top of the wine'; 'I was in good shape, back amongst myself'.

On the other hand, there is a far more literary kind of language, sometimes camply overdone, but usually arrestingly concise and new. The language becomes less sure when dealing with the erotic: 'She gave me the beauty of the tenderly opening crocus.' But *Zig-Zag* is a book of distinct originality and potential and it is to be hoped that Thornley will get back amongst himself with a new self-confidence and write a full-length novel.

THE STRUGGLE towards confidence and identity is a recurrent subject in *Cracks in the Image,* and also a part of its political programme. This is the first collection, its editor claims, of stories both by and *about* gay men, and that priority has led Dipple in some cases to promote work for ideological rather than literary merits. Even so, the book is an interesting experience because it shows a group of people (few of them well-known) trying to find a natural register for talking about something largely excluded from the great heterosexual canon of fiction.

The cost of earlier infringements of the heterosexual literary law tended, obscenely, to be the charge of obscenity. One thinks of *The Well of Loneliness* or of what might have happened to *Maurice:* both inadequate books but brave attempts to project a moral vision through the legitimate channel of the novel.

NO-ONE could consider these new stories pornographic and they clearly intend to avoid any such hampering label. The charge that could be brought against several of them is not of obscenity but of a particular kind of political, idealistic sentimentality. The first and last stories in the book seem between them to be laying claim to an area of romantic interest long assumed to be the property of writing about men and women. The last story, Barry Nonweiler's 'The Door Into the Rose Garden', deliberately dabbles with the tempting, impossible, romantic alternative to a life of missed opportunities; it's a Tube-cruiser's Mills and Boon, with the protagonist and a beautiful black man finally borne 'heavenwards' on an Underground escalator. This taste for assumption occurs elsewhere and in Ian Everton's memorable fable 'Chrysalis' the three gays turn into winged creatures and fly away to Scotland.

The most afflicting kind of self-consciousness is that which replaces enactment in the story with the retailing of case-histories, of people coming out in long retrospectives in the deadly pluperfect. But there are several stories which have the confidence to forgo attempts at 'background' and self-justification. 'Trout Day' by Adam Mars-Jones and 'Cabaret' by Martin Haven provide convincing detail and glancingly-secured concluding morals. Here the genre has ceased to be transitional, and one can see that simply to write about gay people is not in itself enough. □

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Bill Greenwell

Lobster eating

The Tokyo-Montana Express by RICHARD BRAUTIGAN *Cape* £6.50

Solo Domino Player

Yesterday, I read a book. It is a long book, full of fishy metaphors with trailing tails. There are 132 portions of writing inside it, like a ghostly row of dominoes of different sizes leaning together as if set up by some bored solo player who didn't have a complete set and had to invent some way of managing these crazy unrelated dominoes.

The writer says he is interested in tiny portions of reality.

The dominoes are in a 258-page box. There are words where the pips go, but you can't play a game with them. They don't want to play.

I picked out a short portion, expecting the others to knock each other over, collapsing the whole row.

I expected wrong.

The piece in my hand turned out to be a Mah Jong brick. I took a long look at it, longer even than the bullets that flew from the Book Depository store in 1963. The book is crammed with odd little stray thoughts like this.

I keep wondering: how did a Mah Jong brick get into the box of dominoes?

Lullabies

I was flipping through my stock of old Richard Brautigans last night, and I met the shadows of some old acquaintances. They said hello to me, and I shut them away on my shelf gently, as if they were fragile echoes of lullabies.

One lullaby was about a library in *The Abortion*. Its tune was: once there was a library where writers took their books to be filed. There were no borrowers. Another lullaby, in *A Confederate General*, concerned the counting of punctuation marks in Ecclesiastes.

They were quiet lullabies, like Japanese wild geese on a distant horizon.

The only lullaby in *The Hawkline Monster* was the sub-title.

It went: 'A Gothic Western'.

It was a soft subtitle lullaby in a wide sea of silent, forgotten waves.

A Lobster Passage

Sometimes a passage in *The Tokyo-Montana Express* dodges into my sub-conscious like a football player carrying a plate of lobster. Sometimes the game is in Tokyo. Other times, it's in Montana. The lobster is always dead, but succulent.

I like lobster, but I eat it very quickly.

You could consider a long time questions like how lobsters make love, or whether they make for good punchlines for articles or not. It's curious, I spend very little of my life eating lobster, yet when someone says, 'What's your favourite food?', I say 'Lobster!' as if it were a certain thing.

I guess collections of writing like this are like shoals of lobster. Each one is the sort of stuff I say I like instinctively, but there are 132 of them.

I met a man once who compared Brautigan to a deck of cards. 'I keep shuffling the pack,' he said, 'but they're all the same shape. However, they have different numbers of spots, and there are two colours, and you can't see if the court cards are winking if they're profile only. Still, I like playing the odd hand.'

Maybe this is how I see him.

Lobsters. □

Laurence Lerner

Piranesi's prospectus

Here are my fourteen prisons,
Authentic achievements: bridges,
Galleries, spirals, arches, enormous
stairways,
In stone, wood, air, ink.
Forms of unending confinement.

Up the long ramps of silence, up up up.
No-one is falling, is bouncing on blocks
of air,
No-one is screaming, no-one is being
whipped,
In all these inhabited arches no-one's in
pain,
Or missing, or lost, or identified.

Nothing is locked, or completed.
I use air and perspective and complications:
No keys, and no padlocks.
No one sees anyone climbing, no one
escapes
From my almost infinite spaces.
Everyone here is alone: you could be too.

Prisons. Every one different.
Each one for sale.

FICTION 2

S. J. Newman

No ghost

Creation by GORE VIDAL *Heinemann* £8.95

Creation is a mixture of travelogue, political diary and spiritual quest, in which Cyrus Spitama, Persian ambassador in Periclean Athens, aims to undercut Herodotus's version of history by his own account of life in Persia, India and China.

The object of Spitama's quest is knowledge of Zoroaster's Wise Lord, a despot like Jehovah; Milton's God in fact. The effect of Spitama's entanglement in dynastic bloodbaths and political chicanery is to submit his confidence in an absolute order of things to a series of bewildering shifts of perspective. Perplexed by Indian polytheism he explores Buddhism, but rejects the 'shining void' of solipsism. In China he is attracted by Confucius, who resembles a Victorian positivist:

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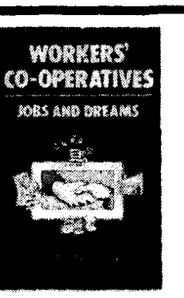

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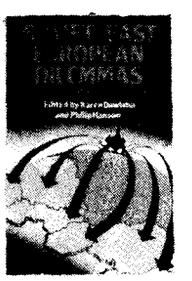

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'If one is going to eliminate the creator of all things, then it is a good idea to replace the creator with a very clear idea of what constitutes goodness in the human scale.' But Spitama sticks to his belief in a first and last cause. In his final testament he says: 'We see a definite beginning. A definite end. We see good and evil as necessary warring principles.' But, he goes on, 'There *is* something missing. Something I could not find.'

Indeed there is, and the missing item spotlights the gap between American and English literature. The missing item is poetic speech. Vidal's theme is Miltonic and his medium is Henry Ford's. How to communicate poetic reality to a world that rejects poetry as unreal is the literary issue of the age. Poetry is time-speech. In ways that are inexplicable yet undeniable it carries the essential properties and wisdom of imaginative life through each age. Vidal's novel lacks the creative moment that fuses properties of mind and matter; his novel is devoid of metaphor. Metaphors are simultaneous equations of mind and matter which momentarily mend the breach between ghost and machine. In this dimension science and poetry unite, as Eddington shows in *The Nature of the Physical World,* as Freeman Dyson shows in *Disturbing the Universe,* and as Wells demonstrates — indeed catches in the act — in *The Time Machine:* 'I seemed to see a ghostly indistinct figure sitting in a whirling mass of black and brass for a moment.' In this figurative language ghost and machine are inseparable and incarnate. But only for an instant. There is no supreme fiction, there are only restless and perpetual supernatural solicitings. As Vidal puts it: 'The Cause of the coming into being of all things is the ceaseless whirl, which I call necessity; and everything happens according to necessity. Thus, creation is constantly created and re-created.'

WRITERS such as Vidal who admit the urgency of introducing relativity into American affairs are still themselves committed to the *originality* they wish away in other areas. In Vidal's case technique becomes a complex evasion of a simple issue. 'Americans,' he says in *1876,* 'have always lived entirely in the present.' By documenting in detail four ancient civilisations, while simultaneously exposing (and hence dominating) the fictive foundations of his enterprise, Vidal hopes to have his cake and eat it. He wants to undermine American faith in the Absolute, but to retain intellectual control over the evidence.

Vidal's temperament is poetic but minimal, disembodied. Its life is almost purely intellectual; the head despises the other members. Politically he presents only three solutions: educate the brutes, govern the brutes, and (failing all else) exterminate the brutes. In spite of its bulk and its theme, there's a meagreness about the book. Lacking poetic speech, Vidal clamps his subject-matter in an implacably perspicuous prose that resists the stuff of every-day life like bullet-proof glass. As Bagehot says, 'The most perfect books have been written not by those who thought much of books, but by those who were under the restraint of a sensitive talking world, to which books had contributed something, and a various eager life the rest.' Vidal's book is manufactured not created. □

Kai Bird

Hope deferred

American Dreams by STUDS TERKEL *Hodder* £8.95

These are the stories of losers, men and women, rich and poor, who have been conned by the American Dream. Studs Terkel, an exuberant cigar-chomping story-teller, is an optimist down to his marrow, a very American kind of guy. And yet, what Terkel hears in this collection of 100 voices are stories drenched in the bitterness, the betrayal, disillusionment, cynicism, anger, immaturity, the mirage, the spectacle, the great 'con' that is America.

Terkel remains steadfastly optimistic all the same. A man who can begin his book with a poem in which T.E. Lawrence has the romantic notion that:

> . . . the dreamers of the day
> are dangerous people,
> for they may act their dream with open eyes
> to make it possible.

such a man is still hooked on the American Dream. Terkel's own private dream is a socialist one, socialist in the least sectarian sense. So his oral history does contain a message, despite the cacophony of voices. Terkel wants to lay bare the roots of the American left, and compare the national myths inscribed in the official history texts with what people actually feel and remember.

He understands how the 'loser' — and in a society where national values are so illusory we are all losers — copes with failure. In the process, he provides us with one answer as to why the American left has never been able to cash in on the broken promises of the system. Not surprisingly, many of Terkel's interviewees begin by apologising for their lapses, often with self-conscious laughter. Given a national creed based on the 'supremacy' of the individual, the individual learns to assume all responsibility for failure. All the frustrations, all the anger that might have made men and women act collectively have instead been dissipated into this bleak, private reservoir of lonely resignation.

Terkel's voices reflect personal despair of the American dream — and yet Terkel still believes:

> . . . something's happening, as yet unrecorded on the social seismograph. There are signs, unmistakable, of an astonishing increase in the airing of grievances: of private wrongs and public rights. The heralds are from all sorts of precincts: a family farmer, a blue collar wife, a whistle-blowing executive. In unexpected quarters, those, hitherto quiescent, are finding voice. A long-buried American tradition may be springing back to life . . . The eighties may differ from the seventies by a quantum jump.

Oddly enough, Terkel nurtures his own dream of a return to 'community' with what he perceives as a rise in cynicism. His 'voices' soon stop apologising and reveal how aware they are of the 'con'.

'American Dream? Are you kidding?' a waitress tells Terkel at Chicago's O'Hare airport.

Or listen to Emma Knight, Miss USA, 1973:

> Several times during my year as what's-her-face I had seen the movie *The Sting.* There's a gesture the characters use which means the con is on: they rub their noses. In my last fleeting moments as Miss USA, as they were playing that silly farewell speech and I walked down the aisle and stood by the throne, I looked right into the camera and rubbed my finger across my nose . . . the con is on.

Terkel must hope that such cynicism will eventually reward the political careers of men like Ed Sadlowski, who in 1976 almost won the presidency of the United Steel Workers of America. He was defeated, even though he won hands down in all those union branches where the membership were actually steel workers. The union had, like everything else in America, become a conglomerate, representing many workers who had nothing to do with the troubled steel industry.

> The unions missed the boat long ago [says Sadlowski] by not taking unionism beyond the gates and into the community. Making it more than just a bread-and-butter thing, pork-chop unionism. I hear guys sayin': 'Take the crummy railroads over.' I'm not talkin' about radicals. I'm talking about guys who've been doin' their trick for twenty years in the mill. I hear guys saying about how horseshit medicine is in this country and goddamn it, it's about time we had national health. Call it what you want, call it socialism, damn it, so be it.

Read in Britain these words may seem rather tame and certainly a good deal tardy for a union leader in the 1980s. But remember, this is a man living in the heart of the American Empire and his anger *is* representative. Sadlowski can use the word socialism today only because so many in his constituency have lost faith in the American dream. They can say, as does Joe Begley, a Kentucky coal miner, 'What I was taught was a Mickey Mouse world, a make-believe thing.'

I want to believe Terkel, I want to believe that the cynicism Terkel has discovered abroad in America today is a sure sign that 'something's happening'. But cynicism may not be enough to build upon, it may not turn to anger, and can easily be deflected into apathy. Even as the frontiers of the 'empire' finally close in, and the politics of distribution begin to replace the politics of growth, America may still be rich and large enough to sell a fleeting caricature of the 'Dream' to the millions who are its victims. In this sense, the American Dream, because it infects people with complacency, can be likened to a drug, a sweet opium. As one of Terkel's voices says, in America, even 'the loser has his day'. □

Among this week's contributors:

S. J. NEWMAN lectures in English at Liverpool University. His book *Dickens at Play* was published by Macmillan earlier this year.

LAURENCE LERNER's most recent book of poems, *Arthur & Martha or The Loves of the Computers,* was published by Secker last year.

STUART HOOD teaches communications at Goldsmiths' College, London.

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David Irving replies to our scathing review of *Uprising!* and its author **Kai Bird** inserts some necessary comments

Reviewed vs reviewer

A WRITER LEARNS to take it all in his stride. Foreign students spit on him, Spartacist mobs offer violence to him, and 'democratic students' deride him. Quite simply speaking, if his dedication is to the Augean task of revising modern history, he can't afford to squander years in the law courts. He philosophically offsets the gravity of defamations against the lack of credibility of the journal in which they are expressed.

A throwaway jibe in *Private Eye* is unlikely to spur me to action; besides, I rather like the *Eye*. But the *New Statesman* cannot crave the same indulgence from me. The same lies when printed in your pages may just possibly be believed. You have a reputation for getting things right more often than not.

Enough of this empty flattery. Confronted with your hysterical three-page tirade (*NS* 3 April) I didn't rightly know where to begin. Chronologically? — with the simple lie that I said something in 1959 at an 'Imperial College rally for Oswald Mosley'? So far as I know, there never was any such event. Or in order of ascending silliness, beginning with your assertion that 22 years ago I told a Fleet Street newspaperman, 'You can call me a mild fascist if you like.' The reporter — not particularly creditworthy, since he has now been imprisoned for a rather nasty criminal offence — had pestered me with the words, 'People might say you are some kind of mild fascist or something . . .' I threw him out saying: 'Call me what you like!' A stupid thing to say to a journalist, I suppose: but as a student of 20 you have a lot to learn.

IT IS true that the reporter in question — I will not stoop to naming him — was 'conditionally discharged' for a sexual offence 20 years after he quoted you as a 'mild fascist'. He was, however, released on bail and never imprisoned. And what this sad affair has to do with a reporter's credibility, a reporter who, by the way was the recipient of at least one journalism award for his work for the BBC, I can't fathom. In any case, this is the first occasion I know of on which you have chosen to challenge a quote placed in the public record more than 22 years ago.

Your contributor Kai Bird has a lot to learn too. The first item on his curriculum must be that the laws of libel on our side of the Atlantic are drawn rather tightly; I learned that lesson once, and believe me once is enough.

For some years now — ever since *Hitler's War* attracted acclaim from newspapers of repute, the level of less exalted people's attack on my writings has been slipping. Right now, their aim is below the belt. I ask myself why, and I keep getting visions of those corny films in the last days of Berlin — with teenage Hitler Youth soldiers clutching rifles and bazookas in the cellar ruins of their capital. Some modern historians are acting like those wan desperadoes; they are witnessing their entire painstaking edifice crumbling under the assault of a few writers they deride as 'revisionists'. But still the tanks of Total Truth are rumbling out into the bookshops. Those are the books that conceal nothing, and to hell with the commercial prospects. Now those defenders are clutching their last bazookas, their outsized helmets are slipping over their ears, but the end seems inevitable.

'Herr Leutnant,' I can hear Kai Bird scream against the rattle of gunfire. 'We are down to our last Panzerfaust!'

The play has been getting fouler with each year that passes. Facts are invented, quotes

fantasised, theories formulated, epithets sharpened. But still those tanks keep rumbling on, bigger than before. My archival researches go on, and still the serious press heaps cautious praise on the results. So: bring out the last bazookas!

Up to now I have not replied to the foul play. The consequence is that the bulging Irving dossier that languishes in most newspaper morgues has grown weary of waiting, and it has begun to lead a private life of its own. I used to find it mildly amusing to follow that other Irving's career. (Only a few days ago I had to rebuke a German editor for telling a reader that I had faked Howard Hughes's diaries!) I find that he has a brother who died in the RAF during the war — this being one explanation offered for *The Destruction of Dresden*. I learn that my parents are British and German, I notice that he has visited Berchtesgaden and even regards it as a shrine.

More recently, as the old gang historians have retired to their last bunker, the play has got fouler. Invited to address Birmingham University on a historical theme, I had leaflets thrust at me indicating that he had had a hand in the Bologna bombing outrage. And now I read in the *New Statesman* the crassest innuendo of all — that he is some kind of Hungarian agent and has been duped into rehabilitating the dictator Janós Kádár in my current book *Uprising!* at the expense of the 'thousands' (sic) who died. (The total documented death roll, incidentally, including rebels, government forces and Russian troops was less than 2,000. A statistical breakdown of the casualties was handed to me by one of Hungary's leading trades union archivists; to which I would add the otherwise totally extraneous information, 'a former rabbi'.)

SCHOLARS — as opposed to the pamphleteer you have become — of the Hungarian situation differ. Regardless of what figures they choose to accept, all of them would admit there are no definitive casualty figures. Some estimates of those killed range as high as 25,000; as I said in my review, perhaps these are exaggerated. But for the purposes of promoting your book, you claim a *scoop*, in the form of a definitive 'statistical breakdown of the casualties handed to me by one of Hungary's leading trade union archivists'. What makes this document so authentic? Your footnote in *Uprising!* attributes these figures to 'a confidential document furnished by an official historian in Budapest to the author'. Official government handouts ought to be scrutinised by the serious historian; in *Uprising!* they are not. It is typical of your histories, as Hugh Trevor-Roper wrote of *Hitler's War*: '. . . he [Irving] seizes on a small and dubious particle of "evidence"; builds upon it, by private interpretation, a large general conclusion; and then overlooks or re-interprets the more substantial evidence and probability against it.'

Baffled by this morass of disinformation about me, all I have done up to now is shake my head at the endless gullibility of journalists. I suppose they have to make a living somehow. And the plain truth is often just that — plain.

One thing is even plainer: there is more brass to be made by journalistic muckraking than by unearthing unpalatable facts about some event about which popular opinion has already hardened; because the historian can forget about serialisations, book club deals, and paperback rights. It is a raw choice. I write history as I see it — unaffected by politics, pressure groups and commercial interests. The words of my agent, calling from the United States, still ring in my ears: 'For God's sake,' he implored, 'then *invent* evidence that Hitler knew about Auschwitz! Otherwise you can forget about the Reader's Digest and the Book of the Month Club deals.' I didn't, and I did.

For Kai Bird I'm going to make an exception. His article tipped such a truckload of New York garbage over my collected works that I'm going to answer back. If I don't, the danger is that even lazier journalists will quote your facts as though they were true.

As an example of my misdemeanours you give my 1967 book *Accident — The Death of General Sikorski*. Does it say nothing to you that at a time when the Czech RAF pilot who alone survived Sikorski's plane crash in Gibraltar was trotting round the law courts showering libel writs over playwrights, translators, theatre impresarios and printers concerned with the Sikorski controversy, he did not venture to proceed against my book?

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FORTUNATELY, your publisher took precautions to cover your ass. *Accident* was published in Oct. 1967 on the eve of the premier of Rolf Hochhuth's play *Soldiers*. (You had assisted Hochhuth with the play and attended the premier in West Berlin.) According to your publisher, William Kimber, you had authorised, in a letter dated 16 August 1967, the inclusion of new material relating to the testimony of one Navy Commander Roland Falk. Kimber duly inserted Falk's testimony, which on the face of it exonerated the 'Czech RAF pilot', Mr Edward Prchal. And yet, upon publication, you took the extraordinary step of publicly disavowing your publisher's authorised action and Falk's evidence in a letter to *The Times* dated 9 October 1967. Kimber felt it necessary to respond publicly, saying the 'exclusion [of the Falk material] would be, I am deeply convinced, an act of injustice towards Mr Prchal.' Thus, your publisher's prudence no doubt protected you from Prchal's libel action against your friend, Hochhuth, which eventually led to the withdrawal of *Soldiers*.

You stand truth on its head by claiming that an entry in the Governor of Gibraltar's appointment book was the origin of Rolf Hochhuth's play *Soldiers*. But his completed play was already undergoing rehearsals on the day that entry was first discovered. It was very shortly proved to me — by Lord Sherfield — to have been misread, and I made no mention of it in my book. This has not stopped you from propagating this legend: 'Drawing on a key piece of evidence from Irving's book [sic],' you write, 'an entry in the appointments diary of the Governor of Gibraltar, the German playwright Rolf Hochhuth popularised Irving's theme that Sikorski had died at British hands . . .' No doubt you copied this legend from some other journalist who copied it from — well, 'nuff said on that score.

YES, I got it backwards here; Hochhuth's play, *Soldiers*, premiered simultaneously with the publication of your book, *Accident*. But you assisted Hochhuth in the play and probably compounded his libel problems when you 'discovered' evidence in the appointments diary of the Governor of Gibraltar; Hochhuth inserted this 'mis-read' evidence into the galley proofs of the published version of his play. Hochhuth also later made use of this 'evidence' in a *Der Spiegel* article.

For the purposes of your contributor's lesson in defamation, let me take an even worse example. Again his article will serve. Out of 15 books published in this country, only one has attracted a libel writ, and that was *The Destruction of Convoy PQ. 17*, 11 years ago. Cassells and I pleaded justification, and for two years battled all the way up to the House of Lords: having some libel experience yourselves the *NS* will know that no QC would advise such a defence unless he was satisfied that the evidence *prima facie* supported the words used in the book. We lost the action, we were penalised severely and no doubt rightly, and we took our medicine. Out of this one episode Kai Bird makes this: 'It is also a fact that many [sic] of Irving's books have been the targets of successful libel suits.'

IN ADDITION to *PQ.17*, *Hitler's War* was the target of another successful court action. The German publisher of the book was forced to pay damages because you had charged in the introduction to *Hitler's War* that *The Diary of Anne Frank* was a forgery.

And that is not all. Throughout your career, you have been no stranger in the libel courts. Jillian Page, the author of a 1968 *Sunday Express* magazine article, claimed libel damages when you circulated a memo to three national newspaper editors, charging that Page's article was the result of her 'fertile brain'. You later apologised in High Court, paid legal costs and the judge allowed the libel action against you to be withdrawn.

On a second occasion in 1970 you instituted libel action against Colin Smythe, the publisher of *The Assassination of Winston Churchill*, a book which questioned your motives in assisting the German playwright, Rolf Hochhuth with his play *Soldiers*. You charged that the book subjected you to 'public odium and ridicule'. But in 1972, your libel action was dismissed and you were forced to assume legal costs.

But there is even fouler play. You accuse me of having collected profits (ah! there's an emotive word for an Associate Editor of the *Nation* — 'profits!') from the PQ.17 book after all. You state moreover that 50,000 copies of the Russian edition were printed after I 'agreed to delete some anti-Soviet material'.

HERE I must admit to having relied on the *Sunday Express* of 4 July 1971:

> He [Irving] says that the Russians, who are bringing out 50,000 copies of the book — after first deleting passages unfavourable to themselves — have agreed to pay him *normal royalties*.

But the first that I knew that the Russians had excised unflattering remarks about their navy — like the curious fact that their destroyers had guns that pointed only to the *rear* — was when the *Daily Telegraph* reported it. In fact I never even knew about a Russian edition of my book until a Soviet naval attaché appeared with it in my apartment, asking questions about my father, a former Royal Navy officer; he appeared crestfallen when I explained that my father was dead. And as for the notion that authors negotiate with the Soviet Union before our works are pirated there, this will attract gales of Homeric laughter from all of us who have had our brainwork expropriated by Moscow. Eventually, under pressure, the Russians paid me some 15,000 virtually worthless roubles. I used ten roubles to buy at GUM the exercise books in which I drafted *Uprising!* No doubt you will take that as further evidence of Soviet collusion.

NO, NOT Soviet collusion. I only mentioned the Soviet royalties as a note of irony, which it is! And 15,000 roubles are by no means virtually worthless to a roving historian like yourself. You told the *Sunday Express:*

> I plan to go to Moscow next year for research and hope the money will have accrued nicely by then. It will help to pay my general subsistance there over several months.

I change my manuscripts to appease no man except the libel lawyers, and I often dig my heels in even against them. True, the executive director of Ullstein publishers in Berlin did excise material from *Hitler's War*, but that was without my consent. Your man calls him, incidentally, Diedler; funny, but all the years I knew him I thought his name was Wolf Jobst Siedler.

I did what any other writer would do, when I discovered this tampering on publication day, and forbade Ullstein to print any further copies. They instantly complied: they had no choice, as they were in violation of their contract with me. (Banning my own book is a strange action you may think, for a historian 'interested only in becoming rich', as you imply.) After costly litigation the uncensored version is being republished this autumn; and Siedler has been sacked by Ullstein.

PERHAPS, Mr Irving, you ought to review your files, for this account of your legal difficulties with your German publisher is unashamedly self-serving and very far from the truth.

But let me take the last point first, for the departure of Mr Siedler — to whom I apologise for mis-spelling his name — from Ullstein in 1979, four years after the publication of *Hitler's War*, had nothing to do with his handling of your book. Siedler parted with Ullstein when the publishing house lost a great deal of money on Helmut Diwald's *History of the Germans* (1979). Diwald's treatment of the Third Reich was considered inadequate and the book was withdrawn and eventually re-issued at great cost. Siedler left Ullstein with a large redundancy agreement after more than 20 years service.

Now, as to your contention that Siedler's decision to excise material from *Hitler's War* was taken 'without my consent' — that is pure rubbish. Siedler had warned you on 7 May 1974 that without the cuts, 'we must part.' You Mr Irving, replied to Siedler on 11 May that '. . . the question of the responsibility and initiative for the mass extermination of the Jews, gypsies etc. will certainly be a hard nut to crack between us. So may I, for the present, only ask you to be very economical in your cuts. . .'

The summer went by and you apparently expressed no interest in seeing the galleys to *Hitler's War*. In August 1974 you wrote Siedler to refrain from sending further galleys of the book as you were in a small village in Spain and hard to reach. And on 10 December 1974 you wrote Siedler that while you had known in advance that you would not be able to change his mind, nonetheless you still had 'full confidence' in him and Ullstein. Does not this constitute 'consent'?

Now you say that you 'forbade Ullstein to print any further copies' upon learning of his 'tampering on publication day'. In fact, you never objected to Siedler's cuts until the publishing house indicated it had no intention of running a second edition. When your lawyer asked Ullstein about a second edition, Siedler replied on 10 February 1976, 'The question of a new edition of the Ullstein version [of *Hitler's War*] to our sorrow does not arise as yet, as because of the controversy about the book only 9,837 copies were sold by 31 Dec of last year [1975].'

Your own lawyer told you on 1 July 1976, 'I am not at all sure whether we'd be able to get them to print a second edition, because you agreed to the first edition . . . There's not really very much significance to your demands to cancel the edition which you claim was authored without your knowledge because you did not object to the first edition and the second edition is not being planned. . .'

You now say that 'after costly litigation the uncensored version is being republished this autumn. . .' Perhaps, but I do know that Ullstein has no intention re-publishing *Hitler's War*. What are we to make of this? I'd say the truth is that you're willing to change your manuscripts to suit the circumstances of the market.

And yet the charge is that *I* doctored texts in *Hitler's War* to leave the impression that Hitler had issued a comprehensive veto of the liquidation of all Jews. This I emphatically deny. In about April 1942 a Reich Justice ministry official typed a declaration by Hans Lammers, the top civil servant. 'Herr Reichsminister Lammers teilte mir mit, der Führer habe ihm gegenüber wiederholt erklärt, das er die Lösung der Judenf-

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rage bis nach dem Kriege zurückgestellt wissen wolle.' '. . . The Fuhrer has repeatedly declared to him that he wants to see the Final Solution of the Jewish Question postponed until after the war is over.' There are no two ways of translating *that* — or are there?

PERHAPS not. But you still fail to respond to the allegation made by the *Sunday Times* on 10 July 1977 that you had doctored a quite different document referring to Berlin Jews. Your translation left the impression that Hitler had vetoed the extermination of *all* Jews, when in fact the document in question was speaking of *Berlin* Jews. That Hitler could have temporarily 'spared' the Jews of Berlin is conceivable since the citizens of Berlin had on several occasions made representations on behalf of their Jewish community to the local authorities.

Furthermore, you wrote Raul Hilberg on 2 Jan 1976, 'There is acceptable evidence linking him [Hitler] to the killing of *Russian* Jews.' Why the distinction?

But you go much further with your allegations of manipulation. One of your most defamatory passages reads as follows. 'In one instance he managed to tack on an extra zero to his tally of casualty figures — thus conveniently inflating his indictment of the Allied fire bombing of Dresden.' Defamatory, clearly; but true? — Your readers can judge for themselves. In writing my second book *The Destruction of Dresden* (which you with your characteristic regard for accuracy call, 'Irving's very first book') I interviewed one Hanns Voigt, who directed the Abteilung Tote (Deaths Department) of the missing persons bureau in Dresden; he lived in Hanover and I found that he had kept a diary. He estimated the final death roll after the Dresden raids in February 1945 at 135,000. As this horrific figure would match the March 1945 death roll in Tokyo, and there had been similar fire-storm casualty rates in Hamburg and other cities, which had all the fire precautions which Dresden lacked, I accepted this figure as the best estimate and gave upper and lower margins. *I still believe it is approximately correct* (Irving's emphasis).

Three years after publication, in 1966, the East and West German archives simultaneously sent me documents indicating that Dresden's police president estimated lower death totals. However, his estimates were arrived at while the city was still a sea of ruins and collapsed basements and they were probably an underestimate.

I could have kept quiet about this discovery — the 'David Irving' depicted in your pages probably would have. But despite warnings from my publisher, I wrote to *The Times* and asked them to draw the attention of the world of historians to the existence of these two fresh documents which might indicate I had been wrong. They published the letter on 7 July 1966; at my own expense I had several hundred copies of the letter reprinted (see attachment) and sent to people interested in the subject. Can you name one other historian who has gone to such lengths? Yet you write of this: 'Given this track record, it is a wonder that Irving has anything left from his "scholarly" reputation.'

IN YOUR book *The Destruction of Dresden*, you provide estimates of a death roll as large as 250,000. Your correcting letter to the editor published in *The Times* of 7 July 1966 cites a police report which leads you to conclude: 'The total death-roll, "primarily women and children", was expected to reach 25,000; fewer than a hundred of the dead were servicemen . . . a total of 35,000 people were listed as "missing".' Despite this letter to *The Times* correcting your inflated figure of 250,000, you use the *same* figure of a 'maximum of 250,000' in a 'revised and updated' 1971 edition of *The Destruction of Dresden*. Today you'd like to settle on the figure of 135,000 used by Hans Voigt. But again, in your revised and updated 1971 edition, you say of Voigt's figure: 'All the evidence is that the figure was actually very much higher.' It becomes very difficult to decipher this kind of scholarship.

And I don't think I stand alone in this judgment of your scholarly reputation. John Lukacs, in an 8 March 1981 *New York Times* review of your latest book, *The War Between the Generals*, says:

> Mr Irving's factual errors are beyond belief. He says that 'forty percent of the prisoners' in southern France 'turned out to be Russians who had volunteered to fight for Germany against Stalin.' Mr Irving writes of the 'famous tank country' of Lower Saxony (there is no such thing), and that in April 1945 'the German resistance was becoming increasingly determined' (at a time when the Germans had begun to surrender in droves). He writes that the Battle of Verdun 'annihilated hundreds of thousands of both British, French and German youth. An eighteen-year-old Austrian corporal named Adolf Hitler was wounded there.' There were no British troops at Verdun. Adolf Hitler never fought at Verdun. In 1916 he was 27, not 18 . . . Mr Irving's methods are not merely bad; they are abominable.

Uprising! is rife with similar errors. You speak of a 'Soviet stranglehold on Szolnok, a city near the frontier', when Szolnok happens to be nearly 200 kilometers from the Soviet border. In one instance you have three different names for the same individual. Yet another example: Attila Szigethy was never a member of the Communist Party. Your account of what happened in the town of Györ (which conforms to the 'official' history of the 'counter-revolution') fails to acknowledge that many historians are convinced that Szigethy in fact opposed and restrained the hot-headed elements in Györ who wanted to march on Budapest. Szigethy opposed the idea of setting up a rival government, fully supported Imre Nagy's government, and declared that he was not prepared to see his country sacrificed to the conflicts of the great powers. Typical of your methods, you cite the fact that the right-wing Budapest guerrilla leader Joseph Dudás had sent a delegate on 1 November 1956 to support Szigethy's alleged proclamation of a rival government. But you fail to mention that Dudás's proposal was rejected outright as an act of treason

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and his delegate sent packing. None of this was a mystery, but you chose to ignore what other historians and eyewitnesses to the events in Györ have long placed in the public record.

You then report: 'In Germany he seems thoroughly discredited' — Germany of all places, where my biography *Rommel* was in the top three of the bestseller list for six months, where four of my books have been serialised by *Der Spiegel* including *Uprising!* You document your view by reference to a totally fictitious scene. 'In 1978,' you write, 'he suffered the acute embarrassment of having his work picked apart in the harshest terms by a panel of eminent German historians on national television. He was heard to say afterwards, "This has cost me thousands of sympathisers in Germany".' There was no such television programme. There was no such panel. I never made any such remark (nor have I ever been quoted to that effect so far as I know). I am still a frequent guest on German and Austrian television.

ALAS, your memory fails you — and obviously your files do not include back numbers of the *New Statesman*. See *Building up defences against the Hitlerwave* by Gitta Sereny in the *NS* of 7 July 1978: you participated in a panel discussion on your book at Aschaffenburg, Bavaria. Historians Eberhard Jackel, Albrecht Tyrell, and J. P. Stern criticised your work in a debate which was taped by ZDF television and *broadcasted*. Afterwards, you said, 'This has cost me thousands of sympathisers in Germany.' I don't doubt that you are still invited on German television; the medium thrives on spectacles of abject controversy.

The other pretext for your tirade was my book *Uprising!*

You seem to think I should have suppressed the evidence that one of many sources of unrest in the traditionally anti-semitic Hungarian people was their perception of the Rakósi regime and its terror apparatus as Jewish. I am sure there is a category of writers who wriggle uncomfortably when confronted by such factors and prefer to skate past them. *Pas devant les enfants!* But my reading public has come to realise that I fear no awkward truths. I felt it proper to dedicate a chapter to Hungary's anti-semitism and draw the conclusions necessary.

You evidently squirm each time the word 'Jew' appears in texts — an interesting psychotic phenomenon. You criticise me for introducing 'the wholly extraneous fact of the individual's Jewish origin'. But Moscow's satraps had chosen Jews for certain roles in the apparatus in the late Forties precisely *because* of their religion: having suffered at the hands of the Nazis the Jews welcomed the Red Army liberators as few other Hungarians did, and the Kremlin knew that they could count on their undivided loyalty. You call this analysis of Hungary's history 'Jew baiting'. So be it. I am confident that less emotionally involved readers of the book will come to a different verdict.

I NEED not actually put in writing what I think this reveals of your own emotions.

You also rebuke me for describing Kádár as 'one of Hungary's most genuinely popular citizens'. Over the seven years I spent researching the book, this was one enduring impression I got — whether I was living with a Budapest cigarette factory worker's family or in the Hotel Gellért. True, life would be better if it weren't for the Communists, I concluded; but given that the funkies are in power the Hungarians have fared better under Kádár than their neighbours under their leaders.

The only support you adduce for your innuendo that I am some sort of agent bent on rehabilitating the Kádár regime as part of some kind of sordid deal, is that my 'main contact in Budapest turns out to be one Ervin Hollós', whom I identify in the book as a senior official of the Hungarian secret police. The truth is that I met this rather nasty piece of work just twice, with five years separating the two occasions. On the first occasion, he invited me to the Gellért for dinner, selected the finest dishes and the choicest wines for himself (I do not drink), and stiffed me with the bill; this did not endear him to me. On the second occasion I saw him for ten minutes on my way to catch a plane; by that time the book had already been written.

HOLLÓS stiffed you with the bill in more ways than one. On however many occasions you met with Hollós, you do admit that Hollós participated in your research by offering to obtain resource material for the book. In fact, you even told Bill Lomax (in a phone conversation on 27 Feb. 1979), 'I'm doing a certain amount of horse trading with him, stuff from the Eisenhower archives, and this system is undoubtedly going to work.'

Thus, while you were fully aware of Hollós's standing as a secret police officer, you were still prepared to 'horse trade' documents with him. You acknowledge the prejudiced status of this source only in a footnote buried at the back of *Uprising!* And yet despite knowing that Hollós is a secret police officer, and is regarded by the Hungarian Government as your 'contact' or 'tutor', you strain credibility by reassuring your readers that 'there is no reason to doubt his [Hollós's] study's accuracy'. Is this naivete?

Why do you not question a 'history' written by Hollós, a man whose prosecution briefs for the trials after the revolution resulted in the execution of more than 2,000 people? Perhaps it is because your interpretation of the Hungarian revolution complements rather nicely Hollós's own official hack studies of the 'counter-revolution' written from his chair at Budapest Polytechnic. His interpretation of the battle of Republic Square, for instance, is very similar to your own account, in which you argue that it was this alleged 'pogrom' that forced Moscow's hand.

You might now be interested to know that many Hungarians, including Ferenc Fehér, a noted Hungarian scholar in exile, believe Hollós to be 'one of the leading KGB residents in Hungary'.

So what is left of your bloated farrago of nonsense? Nothing but this one final snarl: 'If nothing else,' you write, *'Uprising!* should lay to rest the charitable assumption made by gentlemen historians that men like Irving would never stoop to dressing up their evidence. Irving not only has a consistent record of getting things wrong, but he clearly can't keep his noxious political affinities from turning his history into propaganda.'

Again, you are long on venom but short on evidence. The fact is, I have no political affinities at all, I belong to no political party and am associated only with the rather modest Focus Policy Group, a group bound by its terms to adhere to Christian and democratic ideals, which has a pronounced pro work-force orientation, and which — unlike many purely Leftist organisations — eschews the use of illegal and criminal activities.

NO POLITICAL affiliations! On the contrary, your political record has been remarkably consistent. In May 1959, as editor of *Carnival Times*, you published an editorial, 'Battle for Europe', which, among other things, quoted Oswald Mosley approvingly: 'Sir Oswald Mosley found an admirable phrase when he accused the British government of an inordinate liking for playing "big frog in small puddle".' You went on to question why Britain had fought Hitler.

> Why, little Germany, by herself, under the direction of Herr Hitler, nearly succeeded in subjugating the combined might of the Bolshevik Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Perhaps if, at the same time, he was not being attacked by the whole of the rest of the world, he might have succeeded . . .
>
> The Germans realise that their security rests upon the formation of a strong European Union working for peace; it was Hitler's ideal in the 1930's although there were some who disapproved of his methods of achieving his aim. Now it is the aim of very right minded European . . .
>
> The obstacle in this country is a simple one, and lies in one word: the press . . . The organs of the National Press owned by Jews are acting in the same way. The formation of a European Union is interpreted as an attempt at building a group of superior peoples, and the Jews have always viewed with suspicion the emergence of any 'master race' (other than their own, of course.)

The same issue of *Carnival Times* contained a by-lined article by yourself in defence of apartheid and paid advertisements from the government of South Africa — I rather think this early episode sheds some light on your subsequent work, a career you so revealingly let slip is 'the Augean task of revising modern history'.

If you are indeed so apolitical, why are you affiliated with Focus Policy Group, which does engage in political activities, many of them with a pronouced right-wing flavour? A recent guest speaker was a 'leader of the French New Right'. More recently, you have organised something called Focus Solidarity; newspaper ads soliciting funds for the organisation appeared in the name of Christopher Brogan, your private secretary. Focus Solidarity is raising funds to be sent to the Polish independent trade union. Yet Solidarity has, through one of its vice-presidents, Bogdan Lis, categorically disavowed the fund raising activities of your organisation. No wonder! The last thing Solidarity needs is to be linked in any way with someone whose political views *they* recognise to be right wing.

No, from the very beginning of your career, first as a student editor at Imperial College, through your 'historical' blockbusters, your political views have been quite clear. All your attempts to 'revise modern history', whether you are writing about Nazi Germany or Communist Hungary, contain a thinly disguised political message.

And it is always an invidious message, calculated to sow ill will, and, by telling us that what *was* didn't happen, by turning history on its head, you are, consciously or not, giving free rein to the meanest sort of political reaction. Please Mr Irving, enough harm done!

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MUSIC

Andrew Clements

Simply

Walter Zimmermann *ICA*

Born in 1948, pupil of Mauricio Kagel and latter-day disciple of John Cage and the American experimentalists, Walter Zimmermann is virtually unknown in Britain. But he is regarded as the most articulate representative of a rising generation of West German composers who have reacted against the complexities of the mainstream of post-war European music and turned instead towards a less cerebral, more outward-looking aesthetic. The final concert of this year's MusICA series was devoted to a programme of Zimmermann's music, a thorough introduction to his ideas played by members of the Ensemble Beginner-Pool, a group based in Cologne at the Beginner Studio, where he has set up a prolific cottage industry of publishing, recording and performing — the Darmstadt of a new wave.

Via Cage Zimmermann has embraced Zen Buddhism and a less personalised concept of the composer as creator; from younger Americans — La Monte Young, Feldman, Reich, Glass — he has taken ideas on simpler musical means, on the values of repetition in building structures, and on an honesty towards tonality. All of the music performed at the ICA was written in the second half of the 1970s, and followed through the gradual assimilation of these concepts. In 1975 Zimmermann toured the United States, recording conversations with 23 American composers published as *Desert Plants;* in 1976 and 1977 he made a series of folk-music tapes in the USA, Egypt and his native Mittelfranken in Germany; over the same three-year period he wrote the 50-minute piano piece *Beginner's Mind.* All his recent music has stemmed from these explorations, mediated by his experience of Zen.

HIS *Beginner's Mind*, in a marvellous, authentically virtuoso performance by Herbert Henck, ended the ICA programme. It is a complete recipe for attaining the new disembodied approach to writing music, the result, Zimmermann says, of a 'study of the present European New Music Scene. It was inspired on the one hand by Erik Satie, who wrote in an easy-going manner in the midst of a highly complex musical scene, and on the other hand by John Cage, especially his "naive" period before 1950.' It follows a strict programmatic outline, moving from the (relatively) more complex to the simplest shapes and landing eventually upon the 'Beginner's Mind Song', an unassuming ditty which the pianist croons while he plays:

> We must have beginner's mind/Free from possessing anything/When you are you/You see things as they are and you/Become one with your surroundings/It just moves that is all/. . . Always be a beginner

This easy-as-breathing anthem follows a series of short episodes, all of them relying to a greater or lesser extent on repetition of impressionistic phrases and interspersed with freer sections which the player is at liberty to include or not; Henck omitted almost all of them at the ICA. Towards the end more of the material is optional, increasingly minimal and less chromatic. 'Alter the consciousness' is the general prescription of the final part, 'Suspend your time boundaries . . . Grab the emerging ideas . . .'

For all its *longueurs,* musical and ideological, *Beginner's Mind* is a well sustained, individual work, able to bear repeated hearings — it has been recorded, played by Henck, on a disc made by the Beginner Studio (R 7709) and available from there. About the durability of the other pieces in the concert I have more serious misgivings. Had the piano piece been played first, it might have provided a key to the scrappy, impersonal extracts from *Lokale Musik* that we heard. *Leichte Tänze* for nine instruments and *Wolkernorte* for solo harp both take fragments of folk tunes, generally retaining their identity in the ensemble work, transforming them beyond recognition in the piece for harp. *Leichte Tänze* demonstrates the various ways in which these melodies may be altered — by sublimation, substitution, transformation and transcendence.

The results, to my less than entirely sympathetic ears, do not differ appreciably, regardless of the methods used; all of the instrumentation is quirky, demanding considerable virtuosity for entirely unvirtuosic ends, the dynamic range is limited. A specially re-tuned string quartet plays its way through 10 Franconian dances mainly in artificial harmonics; a pair of clarinets rattles off 25 *Kärwa-Melodien*, providing the occasional surprise by an unexpected 'wrong' note; strings and wind generate some tetchy little tuttis in 20 *Figuren-Tänze*, all repeats of the originals religiously observed; a guitarist, confined to harmonics, reduces 15 *Zwiefache* to solemn, costive chord progressions.

Zimmermann's absolution of his creative self in the *Lokale Musik* project, turning the composer into a medium through which pre-existing, 'natural' music may be refracted and prepared for 'sophisticated' audiences is, one hopes, a temporary phase. *Beginner's Mind* at least showed a significant talent in danger of losing itself in a wishy-washy idealism.

TELEVISION

William Boyd

Bits of bone

THE MOST uncool man on TV this week was the normally unruffled Ron Greenwood. Responding to John Motson's concerned 'Ron, why did things go so terribly wrong?' after England's 0 — 0 draw with Rumania, Greenwood uttered a shrill nervous laugh followed by a passable imitation of a man suffering from demonic possession. Calming down slightly he selected two excuses from the babble of dislocated phrases he'd produced in reply and then doggedly repeated them — like some kind of magic incantation — throughout the rest of the interview. They were, 'It'll be easier away from home' and 'If only Paul Mariner hadn't been injured'. A sad picture of a man running out of ideas.

Aside from Greenwood's dramatic loss of phlegm, *Sportsnight* (BBC-1) was a sorry affair. Forty minutes of inept Sunday-afternoon-in-the-park football: delicate through-passes to the other side's full backs, balls skilfully nodded down to the feet of the opposition's midfield. The ten seconds or so we saw of the Scottish and Irish matches produced five goals. In a programme of *edited* highlights this is carrying partisanship too far.

GREENWOOD could have done with some of the inscrutability on show in part 1 of *The Chinese Detective* (BBC-1) which got off to a fairly promising start. Wisely avoiding the error of trying to Americanise our criminal underworld (as happened so disastrously with *Walcott,* the last minority-group cop show) Ian Kennedy Martin's script utilised its increasingly familiar mystique and vocabulary. Det. Sgt John Ho (David Yip) was trying to fit up some bent filth who'd fitted up his old man some 15 years previous. The East End locations were lingeringly, and a bit too fetchingly, photographed and the minor roles were grubbily convincing. The success of the series, however, is going to rest on David Yip's performance as John Ho — a balding diminutive figure, who, in his parka with the hood up, looks about 12 years old. It's all pleasingly idiosyncratic at the moment, but Yip's acting is as yet a little on the wooden side, appearing to confine itself to the limited range between resigned half-grin and faintly puzzled frown.

This was in strong contrast to *The Clive James Paris Fashion Show* (LWT) where every emotion on display was obscenely overblown, whether preening self-adoration or grotesque false modesty. This last was far and away the most offensive, perhaps because it was so blatantly out of place among the monstrous trumpeting egos everywhere in evidence. Claude Montana became almost hysterically publicity-shy after his show, while Yves St Laurent — the prototypical wimp — retreated behind a barrier of impenetrable coyness. James, a bulky trench-coated presence, pushing his way through crowds or lurking somewhere on the edge of shot, appeared a human, oddly vulnerable figure amid all the posture and pretence. It was his best television since *Cinema* and allayed fears that the venture might have prompted him to go for broke. In the event his ironic commentary was on the whole ideally restrained and, at times, very funny indeed.

After its superb opening sequence of a primal, misty African dawn *The Making of Mankind* (BBC-2) made a necessarily somewhat slow start as the background details — the evolutionary clock, the theory of natural selection and so on — were sketched in, though these are now familiar concepts to most viewers, thanks to the efforts of preceding mega-series. Richard Leakey's delivery is agreeably straightforward, with none of Attenborough's boyish enthusiasm or Bellamy's manic participatory ploys; not surprisingly really, given the stolidly intractable nature of the materials the programme has to work with. Trying to account for a

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four-million-year gap in our understanding of hominid development Leakey produced a small cardboard packet about the size of a household box of matches and removed from it three gnarled bits of bone and two fossil teeth. 'This is all we've got to go on,' he said. Perhaps this explains the undoubted appeal of the series and of paleontology itself: you have all the methodological rigours of science plus the freedom of imagination involved in reconstructing life one and a half million years ago.

And we've now evolved to a point where, in Britain alone, we allow our cars to wipe out the population of a small market town each year. This was one fact supplied by a worthy repeat of *Man Alive's* 'The Biggest Epidemic of our Times' (BBC-1), a grisly catalogue of appalling statistics, auto-smashes and horrendous injuries.

Most unsettling were the candid scenes of a fresh corpse (didn't have his seat belt on) being wheeled to the mortuary by blithely whistling porters. The body was stripped and effortfully lugged into its sliding drawer. 'Cheers fellas, thanks,' the morgue attendant called to the porters. It's not even safe being a pedestrian. If you don't get taken off at the knees by lethally designed fenders, your brains get creamed on the reinforced front sill of the windscreen. There's only one answer. Stay at home in your cork-lined room. □

FILMS

John Coleman

Cain and able

The Postman Always Rings Twice (X) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
The Disappearance (AA) *Electric, from 10 May*
Manila (X) *Gate 3*

Other times, other morals: and the steamy best-seller turned out in 1934 by James M. Cain, a none-too-successful script-writer, might have been designed to set Hollywood mischievous problems. As it was, the first two versions were both foreign: Pierre Chenal's *Le Dernier Tournant* (1939), with Michel Simon, and Visconti's debut as a director, *Ossessione,* in 1942. Not until 1946 did Tay Garnett's *The Postman Always Rings Twice,* with Lana Turner and John Garfield as the guilty lovers, find a way of raising at least the ghost of Cain. As a matter of record, I recall it as one of this workaday director's better efforts — not a patch on another film drawn from a Cain novel, Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity,* made two years earlier, but sultry around the edges. A lipstick rolling from Miss Turner's hand to Garfield's feet at their first meeting, the lipstick again dropping from her fingers after the final car crash: these foolish things carried a charge for those all too ready to read between the images. But it was still a far cry from the 'jungle lust in the lunchroom' disdained by Edmund Wilson in his animadversions on the original book.

For *that* (and, let it be said right away, for a whole lot more), we must gratefully turn to Bob Rafelson's latest movie, which may take its own liberties with the Cain — new screenplay by David Mamet — but is basically faithful to both the letter and the spirit of the thing. At best, Rafelson is a magical creator, very precise about the details and nuances of the off-beat and the off-the-beaten-track, of melancholy love shading from savagery to tenderness in an eye-blink, of that authentic surrealism that lies all around us; and in Jack Nicholson he has his ideal withheld and footloose interpreter *(Head, Five Easy Pieces, The King of Marvin Gardens).* But the piece of casting that really lifts this *The Postman Always Rings Twice* into rewarded attention is Jessica Lange as Cora, the bored young wife of the burly Greek owner Nick (John Colicos) of a Southern Californian roadside lunchroom-filling station. It is her sly come-hithering that entices drifting, unkempt Frank (Mr Nicholson) to take an offered job, to find himself helping in one botched and one messily successful shot at murdering the gross and tedious Greek, to become — sometimes against the grain — implacably involved with her till death them doth part.

THE TURNS of the plot are pursued swiftly and confidently: the faked car-accident murder leads to the apprehension of Frank and Cora, Frank's signing a document laying the blame for the crash on her, a deal made between their crafty lawyer and two insurance companies that gets Cora, alone charged with the murder, off the hook. Back at the sad café, notoriety brings booming business and finally Cora, pregnant by Frank, forgives his moment of treachery, that signature, and there is a hasty wedding, a merry picnic, a last ironic turn of the wheel. In among all this, there has been a huge ethnic and musical welcome-home party for Nick, out of hospital after the first failure to kill him (not in the Cain and one wonders a bit at the size of the local Greek community), and a later muffed visit from a scruffy blackmailer. There has also been a terse and comical sexual interlude, with Cora away visiting a dying mother, between Frank and a woman lion-tamer (Anjelica Huston): pure Rafelson — except that it is also pure Cain.

And that Rafelson is *the* director for this old 'hot' property comes out not just in the 'jungle lust' copulation early on, Cora sweeping a table free of freshly-baked loaves so that Frank can mount her thereon with half-angry animality, and in other quick scenes of gripping at groins, possessed sex, but in the shifting expressions on Cora's face, a teasing, knowing smile of blatant eroticism as she greets Frank again after that kitchen consummation giving way to housewifely blandness and, in turn, to doubts, blind terror, and — often enough — a bewildered tenderness. The true fascination of the film, to which Nicholson contributes his usual trustworthy slipperiness of mood, lies in the undulating development of a relationship, based on something more than lust, between a confused blonde who had hoped for movie stardom and a broke drifter with a police record. Forms of love bloom in the most unlikely places.

Brevities — Stuart Cooper's 1978 *The Disappearance* just about warrants retrieval from last year's London Film Festival: Donald Sutherland, a Montreal-based contract killer whose beautiful French wife vanishes, is dispatched to smartest Suffolk, England, where enigmatic ends come together, after a glossy, (to me) enraging fashion. A wasted cast poses Roeg-ishly. Lino Brocka's *Manila,* very fine when it patrols the work-sites and flesh-pits of the city, is a politically bold, jerkily assembled Filipino melodrama dating from 1975: young fisherman seeks girlfriend bought by rich Chinee. Impressive in parts. To last week's shamefully scamped praise of János Rósza's memorable *Sunday' Daughters* (Gate 2) add at least this: Julianna Nyakó is superb as the delinquent heroine, misshaped by events; fiction with the conviction of a documentary, the film draws one in like a maelstrom. At the ICA till 20 May there is a complete retrospective of one of the world's great film-makers, Ermanno Olmi, all his eight features, from *Time Stood Still* to *The Tree of Wooden Clogs.* □

Stuart Hood on the potential of the Fourth Channel

Questioning consensus

WHEN THE Fourth Channel begins transmitting in autumn 1982 its chief executive, Jeremy Isaacs, will be obliged by the 1980 Television Act 'to encourage experiment and innovation in the form and content of programmes' and 'to appeal to tastes and interests not generally catered for by ITV'. There are reasons for believing that Isaacs and his commissioning editors intend to do so. However, pessimists rightly point out that the editors — unlike the ITV companies, the Fourth Channel will have no production facilities of its own — will function under the supervision of the IBA, a body not noted for its passion for change. The clause about innovation is a relic of the Annan Committee's proposal for an Open Broadcasting Authority, acting simply as a publisher and obtaining its programmes from independent producers who would be a 'force for diversity and ideas'. This was an idea too adventurous for the Conservative government and, one suspects, for many others on both sides of the House.

Among the groups which will expect to see evidence of innovation and experiment are those involved in independent film-making. It is true that for reasons more connected with financial considerations — films are one of the cheapest ways of filling air-time — than any commitment to film culture, all three channels show a great many films. Almost all of them are features — mainstream narratives which are shown without any attempt to set them in context or to encourage the audience to develop a critical view of what they see. There is no serious attempt to show films of equal interest and value which do not conform to the dominant ideology or aesthetic conventions of film-making. Excerpts from independent films are shown occasionally — or even whole films, if short — but they are usually accompanied by a commentary which is an implicit put-down, inviting complicity between presenter and audience to view the material with smiling intolerance or bafflement.

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Carolyn Pickles, victim, in Brothers and Sisters

It is therefore encouraging to hear that Jeremy Isaacs believes that films should be put in context, and that he is prepared to show films which do not belong in the mainstream. If this intent is consistently fulfilled, it might go some way towards overcoming that stubborn resistance, shown by people otherwise sophisticated in their approach to the arts, to films which do not accept certain conventions of narrative, editing, continuity, framing or structure. It is cheering to learn that Isaacs would wish to show the kind of film produced by the Production Board of the British Film Institute. He was himself chairman of that board for a time and — as he acknowledges — learned a great deal from and about the debates which enliven independent cinema. Thus he would have no hesitation in showing a film like Richard Woolley's *Brothers and Sisters*, the first BFI Production Board feature to be shown in the West End, which is contentious because of its handling of the murder of a prostitute and of male/female relationships rather than for any 'difficulty' of structure.

Nor should he have any real problems with a film like James Scott's *Coilin and Platonida*, which has been running at the ICA. Based on a story by Leskov, the 19th-century Russian writer who adapted the *skaz* (a form of folk-tale) for literary purposes, it translates well — in both senses of the word — to Connemara. It is a slight, pleasantly ambiguous story of a young man and his love for his cousin, her marriage to another, and her widowhood and uncertain fate after she injures (kills?) her lecherous father-in-law. The film is silent, with an obsessive piano accompaniment, inter-titles to advance the narrative and — at intervals, to mark the passage of time — a black screen scored by a blue or red slash of colour over which is laid the soundtrack of a plangent Gaelic song. A few formal and highly effective distancing techniques thus reproduce the essential nature of the *skaz*, which 'creates the possibility of using speech-forms which are more original and vivid than the style of an ordinary narrative'.

When it comes to commissioning work, however, as the Independent Film-Makers' Association has pointed out, it is 'an indictment of the close nature of British TV that it has no sustained tradition of innovation and experiment in form and content that it can draw on for the Fourth Channel'. The work, they point out, goes on elsewhere. It would be nice to be able to include the National Film School among those areas where innovation takes place, but its most recent screenings indicate that is more interested in the careful reproduction of established genres and conventions. So Jeremy Isaacs will have to look elsewhere for experiment — in the regional arts centres, at the London Film-Makers' Cooperative, from Cinema Action, from the film-makers who originally came together in the Berwick Street Collective, from a remarkable and active generation of ex-students of the RCA Film School (Richard Woolley is one), or from video groups such as the Video Fellows, funded by Gulbenkian.

Such groups are chronically short of funds. The Independent Film-Makers' Association therefore proposed the setting up, as an integral part of the Fourth Channel's structure, of a Foundation which would foster experimental work in the same way as ZDF, the German commercial network, which was instrumental in funding the new wave of German directors. They proposed that the Foundation should administer a special fund put initially at 10 per cent of the Channel's budget — that is to say, some £7-8 million.

It was an imaginative, bold plan and was powerfully argued. It was turned down on grounds which its proponents had foreseen — that (as they prophetically put it) 'it would establish a new level of decision-making that would not fit comfortably into the Channel's centralised command structure'. Since this was an essential objective of the film-makers' proposal, they could not accept it as an objection. Nor do they welcome the solution proposed by Jeremy Isaacs, which is that £250,000 be set aside to encourage film work in regional arts centres and to finance video facilities at two centres, one of them outside London. The money, they argue, is quite simply inadequate.

They are also unimpressed by the proposal to appoint a commissioning editor with special responsibility for and knowledge of independent film, seeing it as a poor substitute for an idea which would have provided 'the means both to enfranchise programme-makers and to give a voice to those who have until now been confined to silence by broadcast TV's consensus attitude'. It is that consensus which is their main political target, for 'the aesthetic consensus within British TV is dangerous because it eventually breeds a strong political consensus. TV output that looks alike also thinks alike'. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Black shirts

Outskirts by HANIF KUREISHI *Warehouse*
Total Eclipse by CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON *Lyric, Hammersmith*
Gone with Hardy by DAVID ALLEN *Tricycle*

Last Friday a shaken and still incredulous American student was describing to me how the man next to her on the tube, a Jew wearing a skullcap, had been surrounded by skinheads clicking their heels, making Nazi salutes, and expatiating on the wit and wisdom of Adolf Hitler; and the next afternoon, perched in my usual seat at Stamford Bridge, I was witnessing for myself roughly the same pinched faces, the same gestures and the same shouts. Every time one of the opposing team's two black players got the ball the union jacks would wave and the boos ring out, accompanied by a sort of growling whoop, presumably meant to evoke the jungle. They were tactless enough to be on the winning side, too: a result which reduced their hecklers to an ecstasy of envy, resentment and impotent anger. At the end the crowd streamed on to the pitch, roaring, fighting, and demolishing a goal with the same enthusiasm with which some of them would have hanged the uppity blacks from it, had they not been hustled off under police protection to the dressing room.

To expect the theatre to put paid to such displays, or for that matter to influence them directly at all, is a bit like asking Carter's Little Liver Pills to cure bubonic plague; but it can at least try to analyse their cause, in the hope that someone, somewhere, will be helped to evolve an effective antibiotic. Such attempts as have recently been made to do this have, however, been few and, on the whole, unsatisfactory. Even David Edgar's *Destiny*, the most useful contribution to date, was best when it concentrated on the appeal of the National Front and analagous outfits to our local Poujadists. British dramatists, and perhaps especially radical dramatists, tend to become nervous and defensive when they come within writing distance of specifically working-class fascism. They don't always seem to want to know. So hopes rose when it became apparent that Hanif Kureishi, an Englishman of Pakistani extraction, was attempting to fill precisely that gap. With his special angle on things, perhaps he would be able to explain the embryonic lynch-mob I saw last weekend.

Unluckily his geometry, though distinctive enough, turns out to be somewhat misconceived. His play is too much about personal relationships, too little about social ones. It cuts between 1969, when Bob and his friend Del are getting a reputation as prime neighbourhood tearaways, and 1981, when they are cautiously remaking one another's acquaintance, sundered after they jointly kicked a passing Indian insensible. This event sickened and matured Del, who is now a teacher with responsible racial views; it did nothing for Bob, an over-age adolescent with no job and a deepening hatred of 'them', meaning both the powers-that-be and the local blacks. He spends his days in the caff with his fellow-malcontents, 'strong men together', balefully dreaming of the bloodshed that will cure the nation's 'illness'. Give him a Mosley to mobilise him, and he'll be out there in his black shirt and jackboots, dealing out bodily injuries and one-way tickets to the British gulag.

A combination of personal fecklessness, social impotence, and the sort of economic hopelessness we see increasing around us every day: such is Mr Kureishi's formula for the concoction of working-class fascists. It seems unexceptionable, but also unexceptional, since he has actually chosen to explore those parts of his protagonist's sad,

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blighted life that throw the least light on his political make-up.

Bob might have celebrated his reunion with Del by taking him into the caffs, pubs, clubs and wherever else 'strong men' meet to raise each other's blood-pressure nowadays. Such a foray would not, after all, have been beyond the RSC's visual or human resources. Instead, 1981 consists mainly of Del looking glum and disapproving, Bob's mother shrilly denouncing her wastrel lad, and his wife, who has just aborted the child he can't support, snarling out her contempt for him. Much of this is wasted space, since it tells us little that is interesting about them and virtually nothing new about him; and the best efforts of Tony Guilfoyle, Marjorie Yates and the rest of Howard Davies's cast, not to mention the obvious and considerable talent of Mr Kureishi's writing itself, couldn't prevent me concluding that a rare opportunity had been misused. The need and the challenge remain.

Total Eclipse was first performed in 1968, when Christopher Hampton was a precocious 22, and, though he might now penetrate further and more feelingly into its psychological mysteries, it still seems one of his more impressive efforts: no moralising, editorialising, or romantic rhapsodising about genius in its coolly encapsulated picture of that other *enfant terrible,* Rimbaud, and his dealings with Verlaine. It leaves us to make up our own minds about the nature of the love that does, and doesn't, burgeon between them; and, equally, it leaves its actors room for emotional manoeuvre, an opportunity seized with particular success at Hammersmith by Simon Callow, whose sottish Verlaine always seems to be on the losing end of a subterranean battle with his own clammy and clamorous glands. David Hare directs, as intelligently and fluently as is made necessary by a play which crisscrosses much of Europe and most sexual passions.

Gone with Hardy involves Stan before Olly: little Laurel's increasingly vexed relationship with an increasingly destructive mistress. Monotony threatens; but is kept off by the efforts of Ken Chubb's three-person cast, Jimmy Logan, Sylvester McCoy and Toni Palmer, and the interpolation of silent-movie routines that prove pleasantly plausible in all but the pratfalls, which are terrible. □

Weekend competition

No 2667 **Set by F. R. Spofforth**

In last week's Diary, Francis Wheen listed some of the more exotic-sounding inhabitants of London Zoo, including the One-wattled Cassowary, Perfect Lorikeet, Severe Macaw and South American Paradoxical Frog (see last week's *NS* for full list). Although the English language has a grand tradition of animal poetry, none of these creatures has yet been given a break in verse. Please remedy this: you can be as brief as you like (a couplet might be ample) but you should not, in any case, exceed 12 lines per creature. By 22 May.

No 2664 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Boys' stories about Tony Benn's bid for glory.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

No room for me (is there ever?) but nine little green rectangles for each victor.

'What! You've had tea with Benn?'

The Owl of the Remove blinked at Harry Wharton through his big spectacles. 'Why not? The jam tarts were scrumptious.'

'You frabjous ass! He's been sent to Coventry for his revolutionary ideas. Didn't you know?'

'The unknowfulness is terrific,' said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

'And you can shut up Hurree before the Government *hurries* you back to Wogland.'

'Ha, ha, ha!'

'Anyone can bribe Bunter with a jam tart,' said Bob Cherry.

'But Benn hasn't *done* anything,' Bunter protested.

'What, saying Greyfriars should be Comprehensive; making us mix with Townees and Pakies! Is that nothing, you ass?'

'Benn's barmy!' proclaimed Wilson the Bounder.

'And he wants to abolish me!' said Lord Mauleverer.

'You wait!' cried Bunter. 'When he's in Government he's giving a great spread for the workers, and you won't be invited.' P.W.R. Foot

The Flashmans of this world may sneer — they usually do when they encounter anyone rash enough to stick to his principles no matter what — but Tony, despite the pleas of his chums not to tackle a bully so much bigger than he, was resolved to fight Slogger Healey. Even some of those who had simply rushed to watch the contest tried to dissuade him, fearing that blood might be shed and all would end in trouble; Gaffer Mikardo was already giving long odds against young Benn.

But Tony is determined: he squares up to Healey, a wild light in his eye. And which of you, dear boys, will blame him? Is it not true that to settle who's in the right it may be necessary to have such a contest; so that, afterwards, both combatants and partisans may be good comrades once again? May Day

The sun shone, hornets buzzed, and Tony Benn thoughtfully chewed a piece of grass.

'Reckon they're a'comin' round the bend, Huck,' he announced; and, tugging gently, he kept the two suspended ropes hidden from the occupants of the oncoming craft.

Huckleberry Heffer spat accurately on an outraged green lizard: 'Guess ah knows yer don't go fer injun Healey, Tony, but why ditch Mickey Foot too? He ain't crossed you, has he?'

'Nope,' replied Tony, 'but he jest don't figure in my calculations . . . He commands that raft — and I wants it.'

An alligator slid into the swollen Mississippi.

' 'Tain't right to ditch 'em both, Dook. Ain't yer seen that 'gator?'

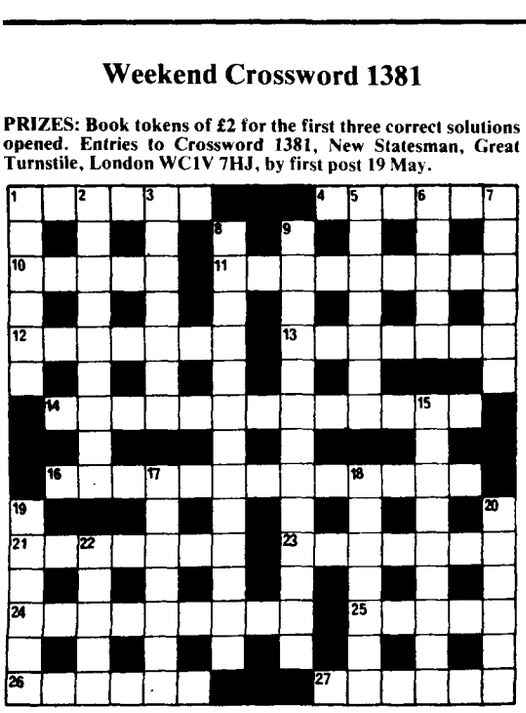
'Don't call me Dook again,' snarled Tony. 'Anyway, I was a doggone Viscount . . . Point is, if I wants that raft, they'll both have to go.'

The raft suddenly appeared through the trees, whereupon Tony Benn, coolly and adroitly, dropped the two fateful nooses.

Pascoe Polglaze

Weekend Crossword 1381

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1381, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 19 May.



ACROSS

1 They are unsettled, and looking back the child embraces its mother (6)
4 Cheats are reformed to become virtuous (6)
10 Goes north of the border in groups (5)
11 Gem from Apollo? (9)
12 Biblical character is liberal about a man embracing his mother (7)
13 'Fair is too foul an — for thee' (Marlowe) (7)
14 If slight craft is needed, they are always changing colour (7,6)
16 Gilbert had a model of a modern one of these (13)
21 Roman who has a hold on father (7)
23 English spread themselves about on the beach (7)
24 Worked in wine-making (9)
25 Remove from the water as easily as winking (5)
26 Enjoyment of a quarrel is hard to feel (6)
27 Uneasy feelings when strange women have been beheaded (6)

DOWN

1 Mug containing two drinks (6)
2 An air much found in an eastern place (9)
3 A woman with employees on the female side (7)
5 The endless resort for speeding (7)
6 The truth makes something black and hot (5)
7 Picks caught in twisted steel (6)
8 Stimulant for sailors using sense (13)
9 Prepare to board some leading company in disguise (4,9)
15 Means of communication which is potentially a great help (9)
17 Musician spills her soup (7)
18 Clothes torn without a purpose (7)
19 Old chap who makes a mistake? (6)
20 French poetry moves with a bar (6)
22 'Retirement, — quiet, friendship, books' (Thomson) (5)

Setsquare

Solution to No 1380

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332 cc 379 6233. 'Nicholas Nickleby' All perfs sold out. 'Knight of The Burning Pestle' by Beaumont 14, 15 May. 'A laugh a minute' S. Times RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in premiere production 'Outskirts' by Hanif Kureishi and premiere production 'The Accrington Pals' by Peter Whelan. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita.'

GARRICK, s & cc Box Off. Tel: 836 4601. MIKE LEIGH'S SMASH HIT **'GOOSE-PIMPLES' 'THIS IS A TERRIBLY FUNNY PLAY STRONGLY RECOMMENDED' – J. Fenton, Sunday Times. 'A VICIOUS COMEDY THAT IS FUNNY EVEN WHEN IT HURTS' – M. Shulman, N. Standard. 'GREAT ENTERTAINMENT. A SUPREMELY TALENTED CAST' – C. Hirschorn, S. Express. MON.-SAT. 8 p.m. SAT. MAT. 3 p.m. GROUP SALES 379 6061.**

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Amadeus'. Lyttleton (proscenium stage) 'Measure for Measure', 'The Elephant Man'. British Museum Society Lecture. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Don Juan.' See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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SCREEN ON THE GREEN. 226 3520. 'Union City' (A). 3 p.m., 5 p.m., 7 p.m., & 9 p.m.

Meetings

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

DR. IAN KENNEDY, 1980 Reith Lecturer and Rt Hon. Stanley Orme MP guests at the annual dinner of the Socialist Medical Association, Sat. 16 May, Vitello D'Oro Restaurant, SW1. Tickets £5.25 from Socialist Medical Association, 9 Poland Street, W1V 3DG. Tel: 01-439 3395/01-346 5867.

GAY RIGHTS AND THE LABOUR PARTY National Conference for Lesbians and Gay Men who want to work actively for Gay Rights in the Labour Party. Crèche provided. Manchester Saturday 5 June, 10.45 a.m. Details from David Mottram, 34 Elmin Way, Manchester. *Organised by Labour Campaign for Gay Rights.*

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, London SW1. 13 May 7.30. Open Forum on the ICA: the public's opportunity to question ICA policy and practice (adm free); 14 May 1.00 Ralph de Boissiere discusses his book 'Crown Jewel' with John La Rose. Tkts £1. (ICA Day M'ship 40p) 930 3647.

IRIS MURDOCH: An examination of some *central themes in Iris Murdoch's novels and philo*sophical writings. Saturday 16 May 1981. 10 a.m. 4 p.m. Polytechnic of Central London, 309 Regent Street, W1. Enrolments on the day: fee £2.50. For details, telephone: 580 2020 ext 221.

THE NATIONALISATION FRAUD. State ownership or Common ownership? Public meeting organised by *The Socialist Party of Great Britain.* Monday, 11 May, 8.15 p.m. Muswell Hill Library, Queen's Avenue, London N10.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun 10 May 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting. 'Psychic Powers and Hazards'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

THE WILDLIFE and Countryside Bill. A Socialist View. Open Meeting in the Grand Committee Room, House of Commons, on Wednesday 13 May 7 p.m. Speakers and Discussion. Organised by SERA, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG.

PUBLIC ENTERPRISE GROUP

Annual General Meeting
11 a.m. 16 May 1981
at the
Cole Room,
The Fabian Society,
11 Dartmouth Street,
London SW1H 9BN.

Addressed by
The Rt. Hon. STAN ORME M.P.
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Conference

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Publications

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